

MOVIE CLASSIC

MAY

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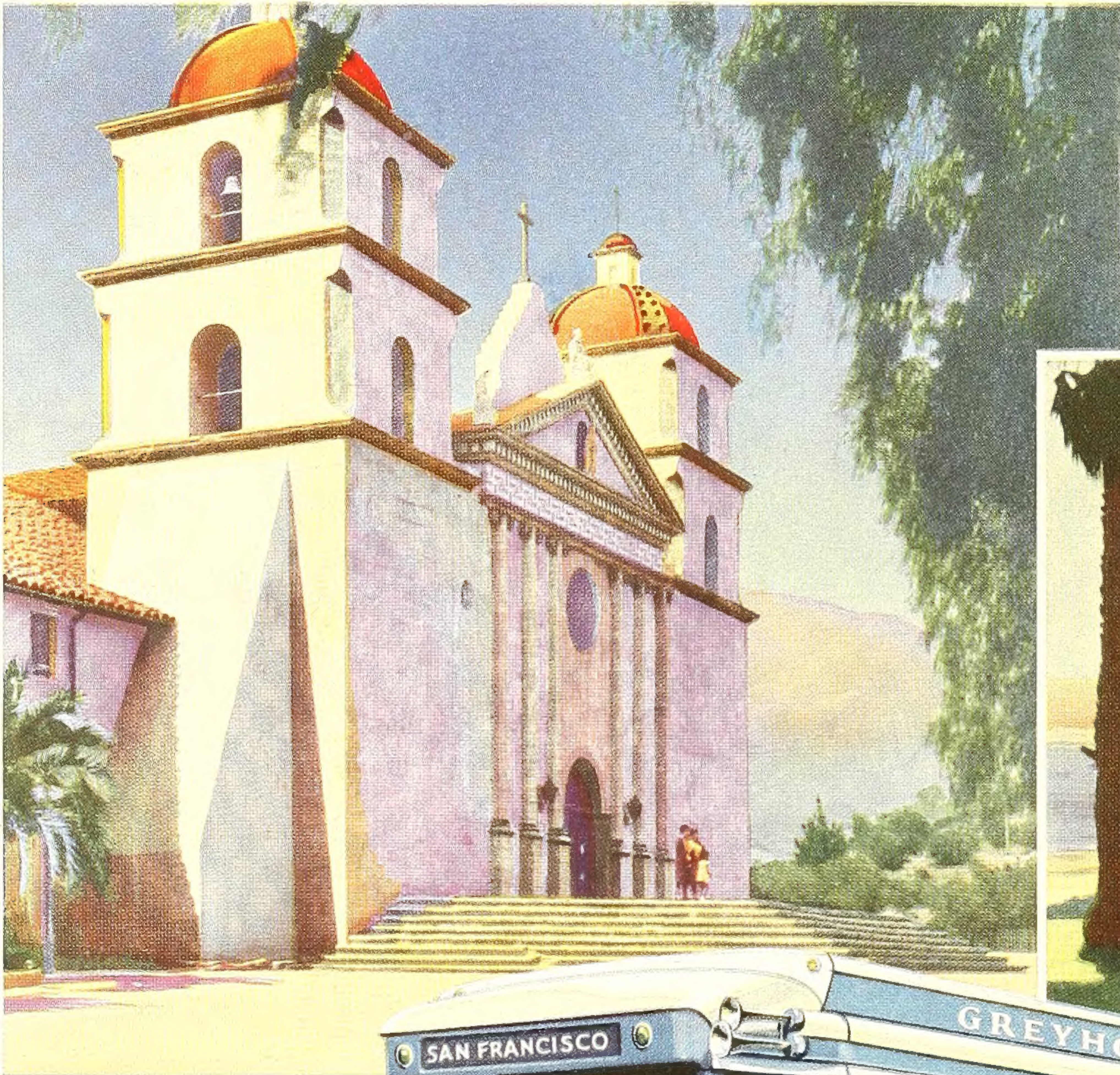
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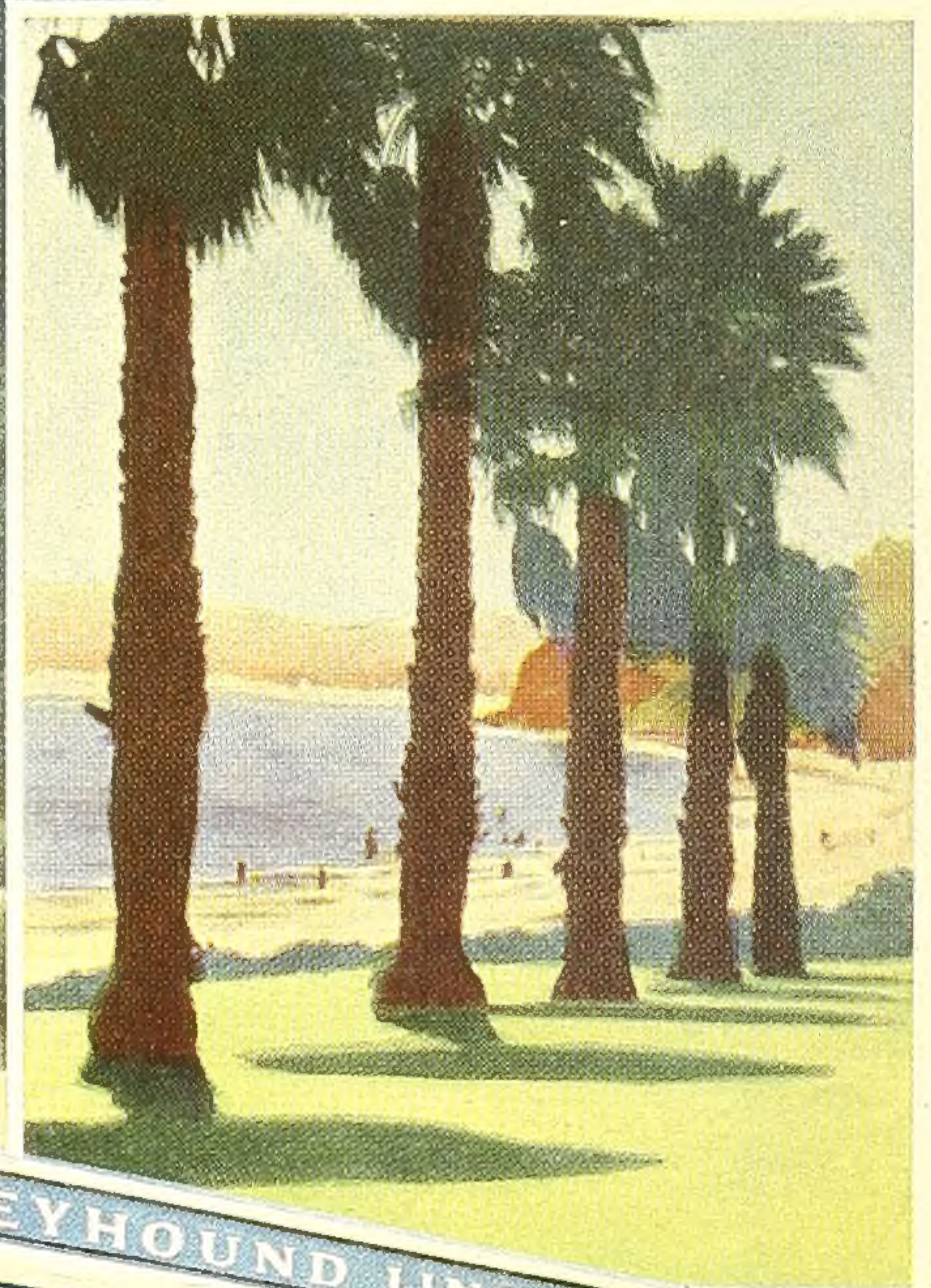
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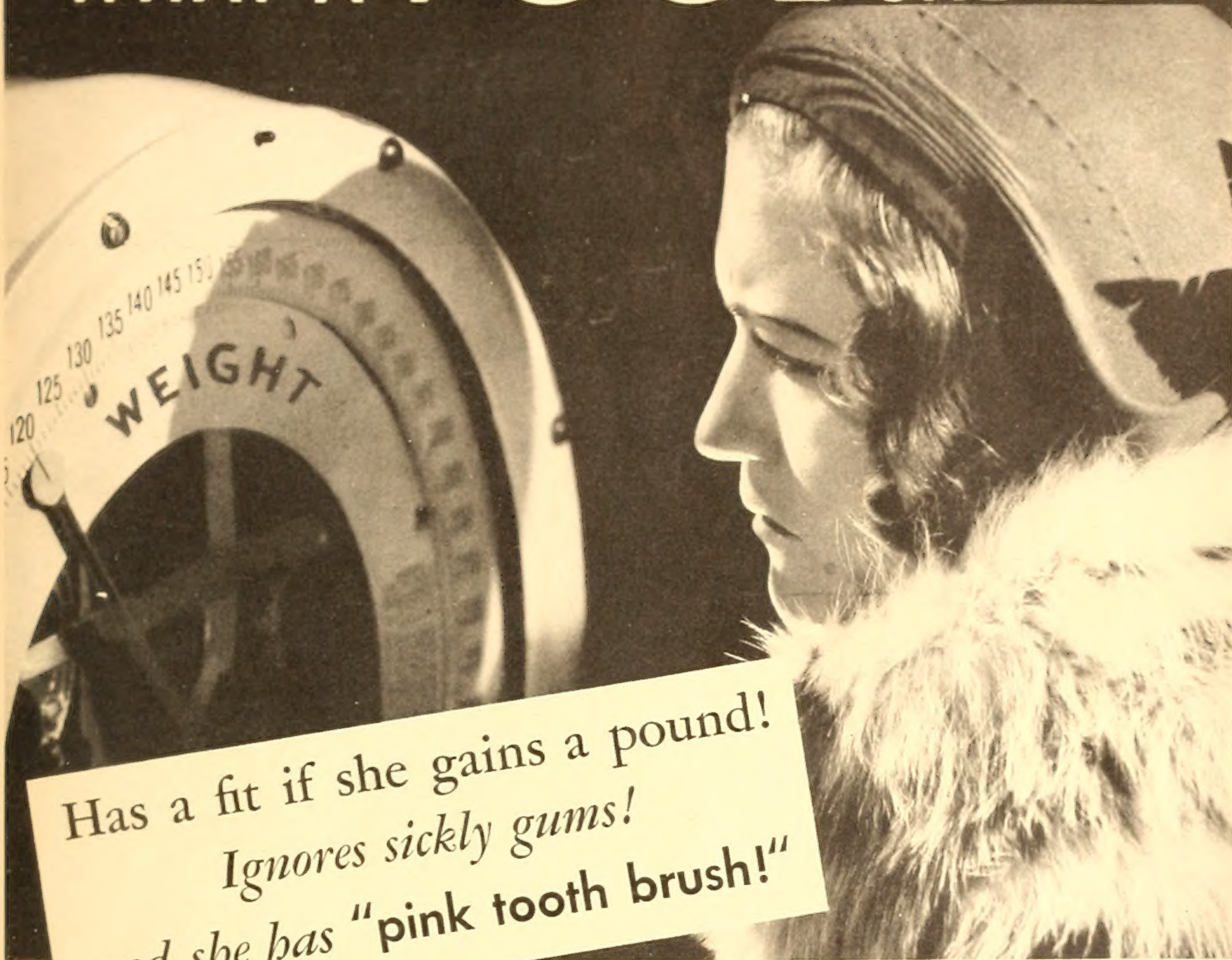
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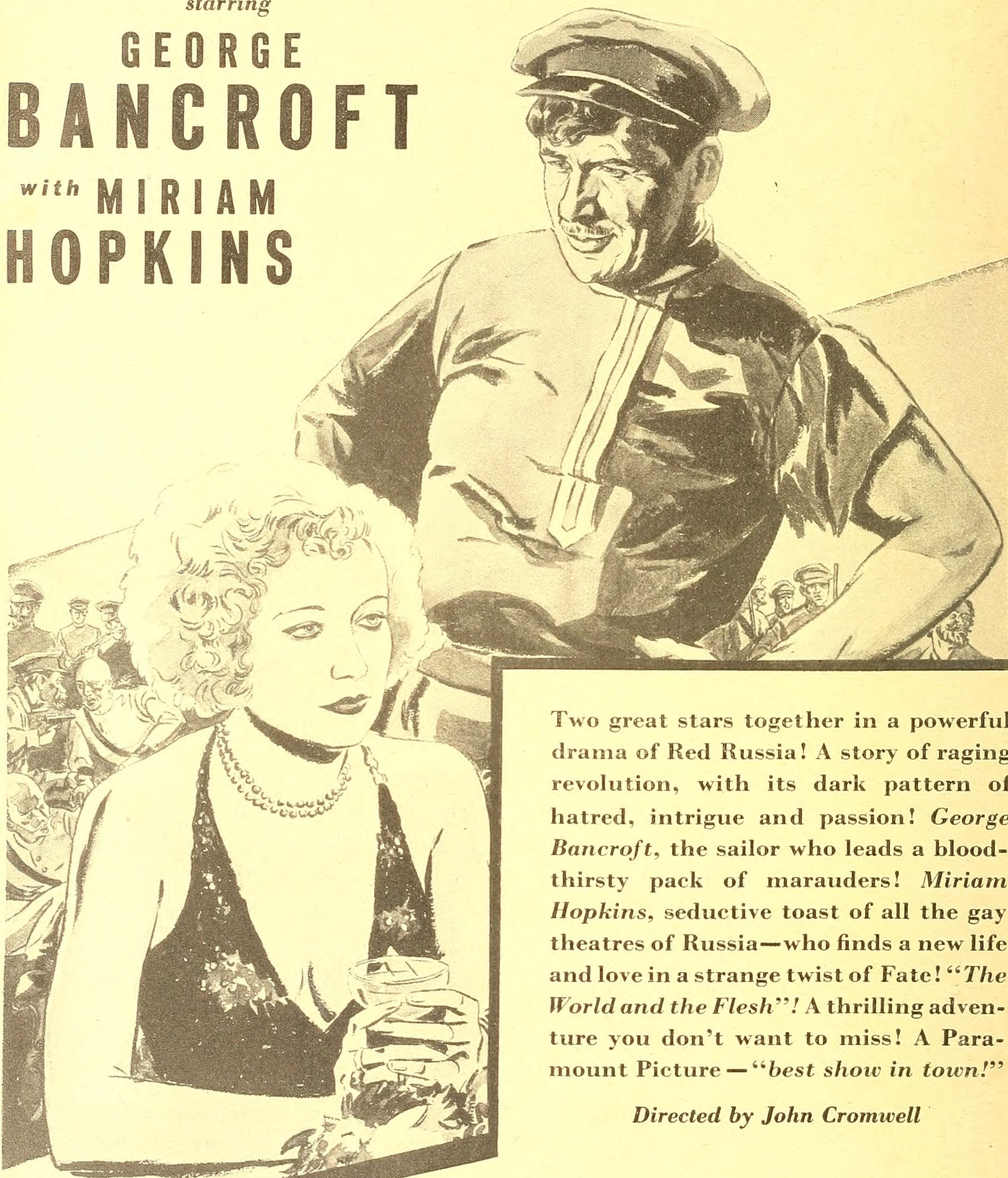
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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 3

MAY, 1932



What Will JOAN CRAWFORD'S Handwriting Reveal To LOUISE RICE?

On Page 51 of this issue you will discover what Marlene Dietrich is really like—from Louise Rice, world-famous graphologist and author of many books on the science of reading character from handwriting. From the German star's handwriting alone, Miss Rice tells you about Marlene's thoughts and emotions.

Also, on Page 51, you will learn how you may obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope—and analyze your own handwriting (and character).

And then watch for Louise Rice's analysis of the handwriting of Joan Crawford—"the star who is tortured by Hollywood gossip." Coming in the June MOVIE CLASSIC!

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COVER DRAWING OF MARLENE DIETRICH BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

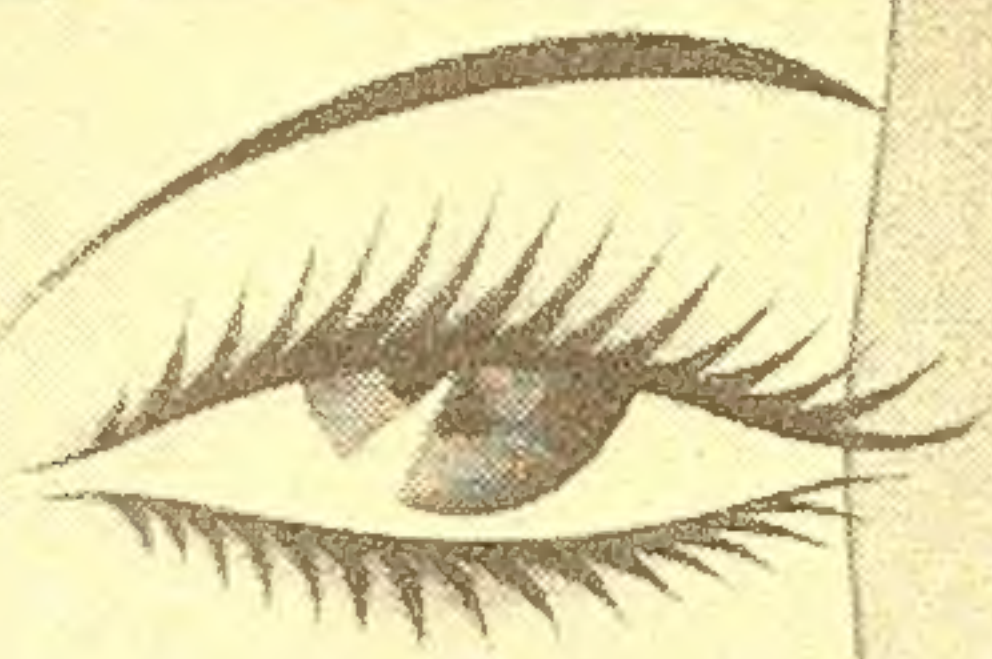
LAURENCE REID, Editor

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

STRIP the women stars of their glamour. Take away Garbo's mystery, Janet Gaynor's wistfulness, Marlene Dietrich's slumbrous passion, Norma Shearer's poise, and so on down the line. And who, in the end, are the great personalities of the screen—the personalities that grow richer as time whisks by? If you should ask me—and I'm not saying that you are—I'd nominate Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler.

MARIE, though "full of years" and ailing off and on, has a gusty love of life that a Jackie Cooper might well envy. But Mary and Joan—particularly Mary—are great personalities in an equally rare way. Where most stars sit back, content with the fame and fortune they have won and the carloads of mail they receive, Mary and Joan are restless. For them, glamour is not enough. Their accomplishments to date are not enough. They are not self-satisfied. They must go on improving themselves, developing their talents, seeking new worlds to conquer.

IT is a question if any other woman, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, will ever be a star as long as Mary Pickford has been. Very, very few of them have the brains of a Mary Pickford, or the modesty, or the faculty of frank self-appraisal. The years have done nothing to Mary Pickford except to make her a woman more worth knowing.

ITALKED with Mary the other day for half an afternoon. In the room was a piano. I asked her if she played. She said, "I'm learning how. I'm taking lessons." There you have the secret of Mary Pickford's greatness. She's always willing to learn!

TALKING with her, you forget that she is an actress. That is because of her eyes. They are frank. They tell, even more eloquently than speech, of the happiness of her married life. Between you and me, there isn't an ounce of truth in those "divorce" rumors—and never is likely to be.

THE New York *Daily News* recently held its annual screen popularity contest, and again, for the second time, Charles Farrell and

Janet Gaynor romped home the winners. Clark Gable and Joan Crawford were second. The latter news is quite encouraging. Clark and Joan are on their way to much bigger things. Charlie and Janet, lovable as they are, are beginning to repeat themselves.

IF you are against censorship, and all for the freedom of the films, the way I am, you won't miss the story, "Shall the Movies Take Orders from the Underworld?" in this issue. Moreover, you will demand to see "Scarface," the picture that puts the finger on gangland. But don't think that, by doing so, you will be helping only Howard Hughes in his lone battle with the censors. You will be helping every producer and every writer and every player in Hollywood.

THE producers are honest. The writers are honest. The players are honest. They all want to give you honest pictures—pictures as honest as the newspapers and books you read and the stage plays that you see. The reformers won't always permit them to do this. How much longer are you and I going to stand for it?

IF "Scarface" goes over—and I'll be disappointed in America if it doesn't—the fame of three of its cast will be made. I'm thinking of Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle; George Raft, who had just signed up to be Valentino's "double" when the great Latin died, and who now is starting on his own in talkies; and Ann Dvorak, whom you have already seen briefly in "Sky Devils." Remember these three names—and what I have said.

TALA BIRELL, being hailed as "a rival of Garbo," not only says that she doesn't like the Garbo type of rôle, but she adds that her favorite actress is Helen Hayes. I'm interested in Tala right away. And you?

Larry Reid

THE SWEETHEARTS BEYOND COMPARE!



Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

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GAYNOR

CHARLES

FARRELL

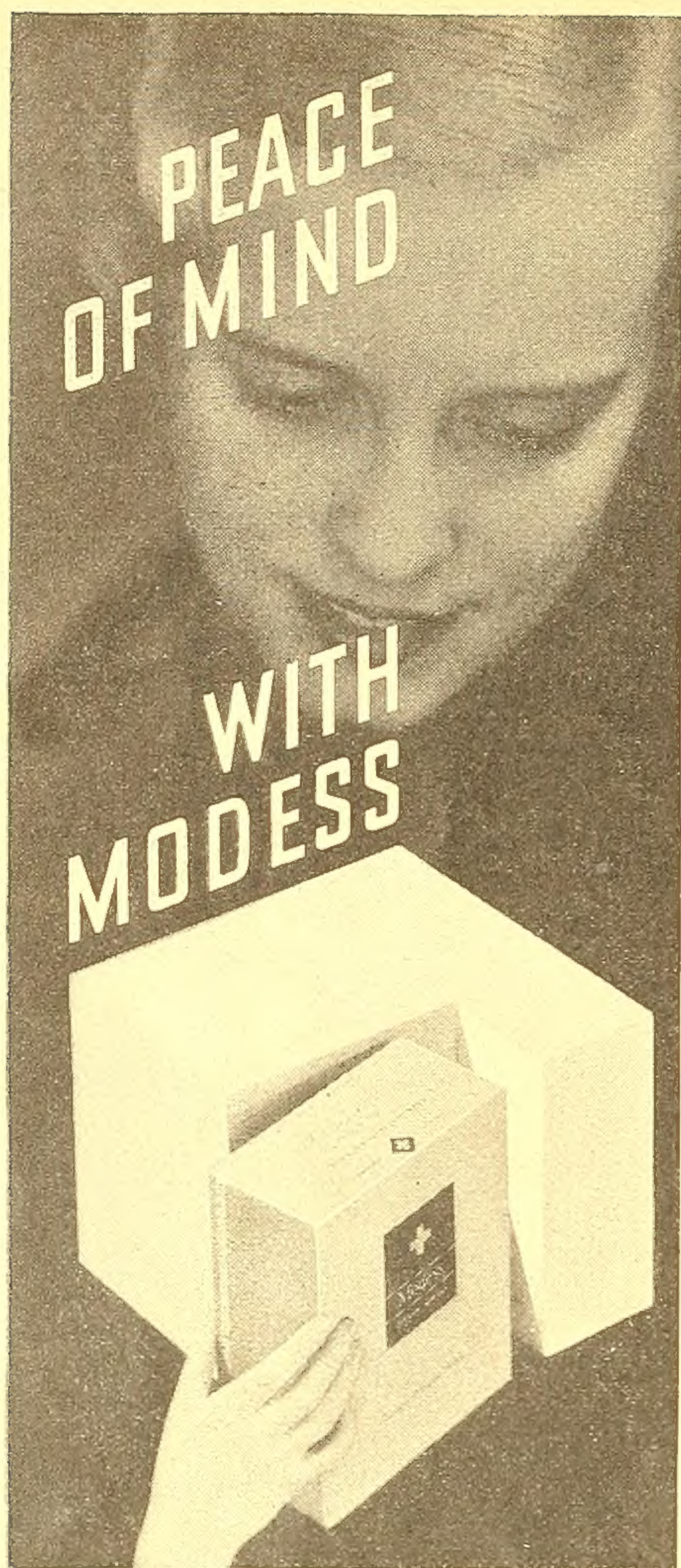
IN

**Rebecca of
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Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter

Marie's Miraculous Change

ABOUT ten years ago, I watched a too heavy, a too corseted, a too boisterous actress sell her antics to a bored audience, as she clowned her way up and down the Keith stage in Washington, D. C. She simply did not register. Just another "has been," hating to give up. The "has been" was Marie Dressler.

This afternoon I saw this same Marie Dressler again in the wonderful dramatization of "Emma." I endeavored to brush the tears away unnoticed. The audience sobbed softly. It wasn't just a picture. It was real life.

I do not know just what has wrought this miraculous change in Marie Dressler, nor how pathos and humor, blended together, happened to be written so strongly in her countenance, nor how she is able to hold her shoulders as if the weight of the world were resting upon them, but this I do know—as long as such characters exist in moving pictures, they can never die. They are due for a Golden Era heretofore uncharted and unexplored.

MABEL S. VAN TASSELL, Newark, O.

\$10.00 Letter

Beery—School-marm's Weakness

I'M a small town school-marm, so by all that's right and proper I shouldn't even be reading a Movie Classic, but I do—regularly. I suppose, too, since I've been able to vote for some odd years and still write my name with a Miss, I should be thrown into spasms of ecstasy at the mere sight of Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, or any other of our screen lovers. Not so. (Though I do love the way Chevalier rolls his eyes in that naughty French way and the way he cocks his straw hat.)

My hero is none other than our big old burly, rough exterior, soft interior, inimitable Wallace Beery. I'd rather see him cuss under his breath any day than see a thousand Barrymores make love. When Beery's on the set, I have eyes for no one else. And when I break down and confess that I wept real, honest-to-goodness, briny tears at that closing scene in "The Champ"—old hard-hearted me who can flunk a kid in English without a flicker—well, you know that he's got something.

ANN PENNINGTON, Fairfax, Okla.

\$5.00 Letter

I observe with satisfaction:

1 That Mary Brian, Jean Arthur, Fay Wray, Maureen O'Sullivan, etc., have almost passed out of the pictures with the advent of imported stage talent. Beauty alone is practically worthless.

(2) That Clara Bow's "comeback" is delayed and delayed.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC 1501, Broadway, New York City.

This "It" business is as dead as a last-season movie.

(3) That this magazine has the courage to debunk press-agent ballyhoo. Formerly, some of the stars came to believe what they paid to have written about themselves. Truth is more welcome than fiction.

(4) That Raymond Hackett's mushy voice is gone—but the memory lingers on!

(5) That Nancy Carroll's tantrums have cost her her popularity—something we could not understand, anyway.

(6) That David Rollins suffered a come-down and is now in comedies.

(7) The quoted remark that most cinema marriages should end with a comma.

And close with a sigh of relief.

JOHN ANDREWS, Strasburg, Pa.

Give Thanks for Pichel

CHALK up another mark for our new character actor, Irving Pichel. The man who knows how to play his rôle of cold-blooded villain, and who draws his characters with deft, unerring strokes to enchain our imagination. Perhaps you have seen him as the upright Senator-father in "Two Kinds of Women," Maybe you saw him as the polished man-of-the-world in "The Cheat," or the half-wit in "Murder by the Clock," or, as the straight-laced farmer-husband in "The Right to Love." There's more, but this will give you a measure of Irving Pichel's versatility. His voice is a magnificent instrument, capable of gripping volume, capable again of delighting tenderness. But not only with his voice does he interpret his parts, but gives all of himself. He fairly fires his rôles at you, and living them as he does, gives them life and warmth.

Irving Pichel—the talkies' answer to the fans' plea for "something different."

FRANCYS KAY, Seattle, Wash.

What's Wrong?

RECENTLY I had promised myself that the next time I heard the lovers in a picture address one another as "My Sweet," I would take out a gun and literally shoot myself, or take a first class jump in the nearest lake, but last night was the straw that broke the camel's back. I went to see "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a story supposed to have been written years and years ago, with all in it everything but modern and when the words "My Sweet" had never been thought of, and there was Fredric March, saying, "My Sweet."

When I came home that evening, being of curious mind, I asked my grandmother (I imagined she was quite modern in her younger days) if the words "My Sweet" were familiar to her. She doesn't know yet what I was talking about. There must be something wrong somewhere.

"My Sweet" and "Darling." Can't you just hear them saying it?

ADELAIDE DORY,
Toronto, Can.

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By Patricia Gordon

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Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE*. The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew*.

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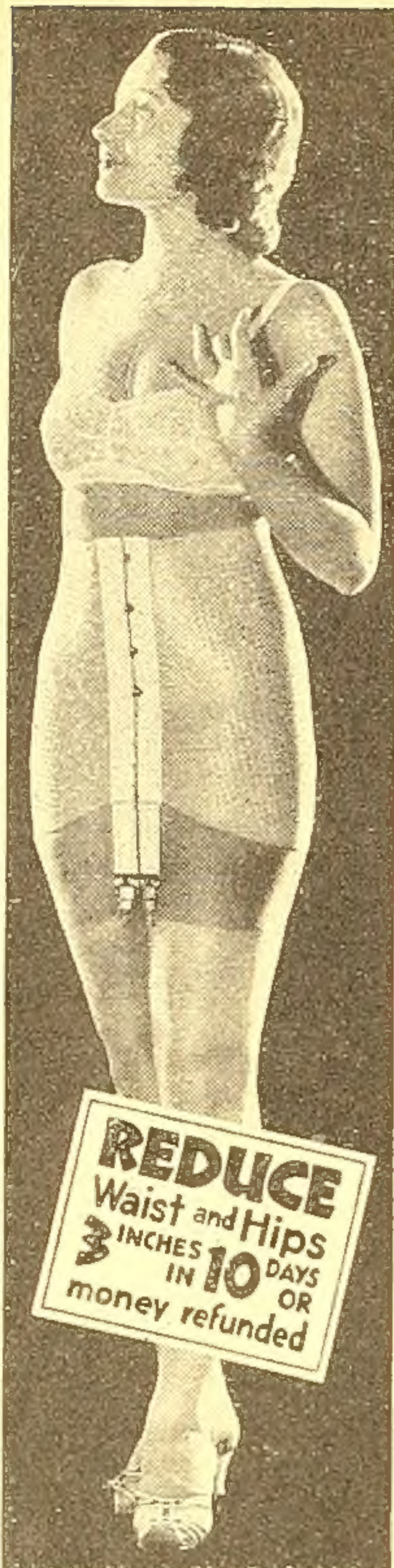
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TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

By J. E. R.

LONDON hears that Tallulah Bankhead and Joel McCrea are going to be wed; but Hollywood and Tallulah say 'tain't so... Walter Winchell keeps insisting that Mrs. Clark Gable is having long talks with her lawyer; and Hollywood doubts that, too... Ronald Colman came back from England via Shanghai, where, he reports, there has been a real war in progress... No one seems to know if he was divorced this trip, or not... Charlie Chaplin, when last heard from, also was heading back to Hollywood via the Orient. With him was Sydney Chaplin—not the son, but the brother—which proves that they're pals, after all... Dolores Del Rio, back from a location trip to Hawaii, denies that the Islands are un-safe for white women. So there!

Screen stars' children who have special guards since the Lindbergh kid-napping are Jane Harding Bannister, Barbara Bebe Lyon, Maria Dietrich, Gloria, Peggy and Harold Lloyd, Jr., Evelyn Rosetta Asther, Ethel Mae Barrymore, Mary Esther Webb (daughter of Esther Ralston), Adrienne Fox (daughter of Joan Bennett), Joseph and Robert Keaton, Gloria Somborn (daughter of Gloria Swanson), and Ruth Margaret Nagel... Yes, Jackie Cooper is being guarded, too... The reason why you haven't seen Gene Raymond since "Ladies of the Big House" is that Gene, who was known on the stage as Raymond Guion, has been trying to settle his stage contract... Anita Louise, who has been kept idle on contract since "Heaven on Earth," was in the mood to accept a bid from England, until she was offered a rôle in the new Garbo film, "As You Desire Me."...

Clara Bow, who has been turning down offers right and left, has just bought a story called "Souls in Pawn," by Charles Furthman, who wrote the scenario for "It." She may produce it, herself... Mae Clarke is the latest star to have a breakdown from overwork—but the girl just wouldn't take time out for a vacation... Al Jolson has been asking his stage audiences if they'd like to see him in another picture, and he's con-

vinced they would... Peggy Shannon, once hailed as "a second Clara Bow" at Paramount, is now at Fox—and you'll next see her opposite James Dunn. Jimmy, by the way, is healthier than the gossips would have you believe.

Joan Bennett became Mrs. Gene Markey on March 16... He's 36; she's 22... Mrs. Ian Keith is now Miss Ethel Clayton again; she won her decree on the grounds that Ian sniffed the cork once too often... Judge Soltan de Szepessy, divorced husband of the late Lya De Putti, recently committed suicide in Budapest, heartbroken

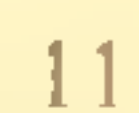
over her tragic death, friends said... Mary Nolan and her husband of a year, Wallace Mac-rery, Jr., were sentenced to a month in jail for non-payment of wages to em-ployees of the defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop in Holly-wood... After eight years of separation, Aileen Pringle has decided to sue Charles Pringle for di-vorce. He's the son of the chief privy counsel-or of Jamaica... Gloria Swanson, with a thrill in her voice, tells the press she will soon be a mother again.



Dorothy Wilding

You've heard that Corinne Griffith has been dancing with the Prince of Wales. But have you heard that she is now making a comeback picture, in England—"Lily Christine" by Michael Arlen?

Gilbert Roland has been so lonely since Norma Talmadge left for New York and Paris, with the announced intention of getting a nice, friendly divorce from Joseph Schenck, that he has been calling on Norma's mother... Pola Negri still insists that she is going to marry "a wealthy Chicagoan" in June. But what we want to know is: When is she going to make another picture?... James Cagney's new ambition is to see Europe—with the missus, of course... You who have had the "flu" during the late lamented winter can sympathize with Warner Baxter, Marian Marsh, Arline Judge, and Mitzi Green... The estate of the late Rudolph Valentino, once estimated at a million, is now counted at \$130,000... Uncle Sam won't be getting so much in-come tax coin from Hollywood this year as last. And maybe that will mean that you and I will pay more amusement taxes!



N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

NOW that option time is rolling around once more, Greta Garbo, Hollywood's official mystery lady, is reported to be going coy again about signing her name on the dotted line. Chat floats up and down the boulevards that "Greta go home now."

Somehow, I just can't worry about Greta signing any more. There was a time when the rumor would have made my blood run cold. What, no more Garbo? Wotinell would us fan writers talk about if she went back to Sweden? Now, when I hear it I just eat an apple—a nice, big, red apple, and forget all about it.

The dark rumors that she might shake the dust of M-G-M from her feet, and very profitable pay-dirt it has been, is the Garbo's way of showing that she has the executive goat. She is still Garbo, and as long as she has an exclusive product to sell, she will wear the pants when it comes to running her career.

If memory serves me rightly, her threats about not signing in the past have brought very nice increases in salary. She'll undoubtedly get it again. She's worth it. "Mata Hari" may not be a really great picture, but it is making more money than the Texas oil fields. No studio would lose such a gold mine without an awful struggle. Greta could take Leo, the M-G-M lion, home with her if she wanted to.

BEFORE we leave Greta to enjoy her contractual argument, or to take her sunbaths, or whatever is occupying her mind at the moment, it is interesting to record that the Swedish star, with a woman friend, attended the Mary Wigman dance recital in Los Angeles. The event was one of the swankiest of the winter season. The big auditorium was studded with ermine, jewels, and Patou's best. Did Garbo care? You know she didn't. She wore that tweed coat and old slouch hat, and had a swell time for herself. If you didn't notice the girl in the informal attire, you could hardly escape trying to solve the identity of the person behind the smoked glasses. Will somebody tell me, if they aren't too busy, why people try to disguise them-

selves by smoked glasses? The "specs" are as conspicuous as Mahatma Gandhi at a Quaker meeting. Not, of course, that Mr. Gandhi has ever *been* to a Quaker meeting.

GOOD health is a necessity in Hollywood, and if you don't believe it, just spend a day and night emoting in front of the camera. The waitress who juggles hash all day has a picnic by comparison. Being of such primary importance, some of the health recipes are a lot more drastic than Japan's demands upon China.

Grandma kept the kiddies in good health by depending on sulphur and molasses and good, old-fashioned castor oil. (I beg your pardon, old-fashioned, but scarcely good.) Well, Hollywood is a fancy place, and I suppose you can expect fancy prescriptions.

Most of us would be invalids for life before we would submit to the Louise Closser Hale procedure. Mrs. Hale insists that sleep is the great cure-all, and when she woos Morpheus (now, don't get excited, Genevieve) she does a thorough job of it. When she retires she puts pink putty in her ears to keep out all noises. Then she uses a narrow, soft, black band to tie around her eyes, to shut out all light. After that she tries to sleep. How she keeps from being completely out of the notion by that time probably makes another story.

The other prize recipe is Clive Brook's method of taking cold baths. When I say cold I don't mean the kind of water that makes you and me yell when it comes out of the cold spigot. Clive puts great hunks of ice in his tub. He says it is great stuff, and, I know, you will be quite willing

to take his word for it. That is, until mid-July, at least.

Carole Lombard seems very sensible after that. She just eats spinach every day. She doesn't really mind it so much, but she does wish that it didn't taste like spinach.

Warren William starts the day off by drinking the juice of two lemons in a glass of warm water. He'd rather do that than eat spinach—or prunes, for that matter.

(Continued on page 79)



Bull

Lilian Bond's idea of a Spring suit is a swim suit—and are her Hollywood neighbors sorry? She looks in healthy trim for "The Trial of Vivienne Ware"

THE

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LIFE and DEATH!

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CAGNEY
BLONDELL

with

ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
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Dialogue by
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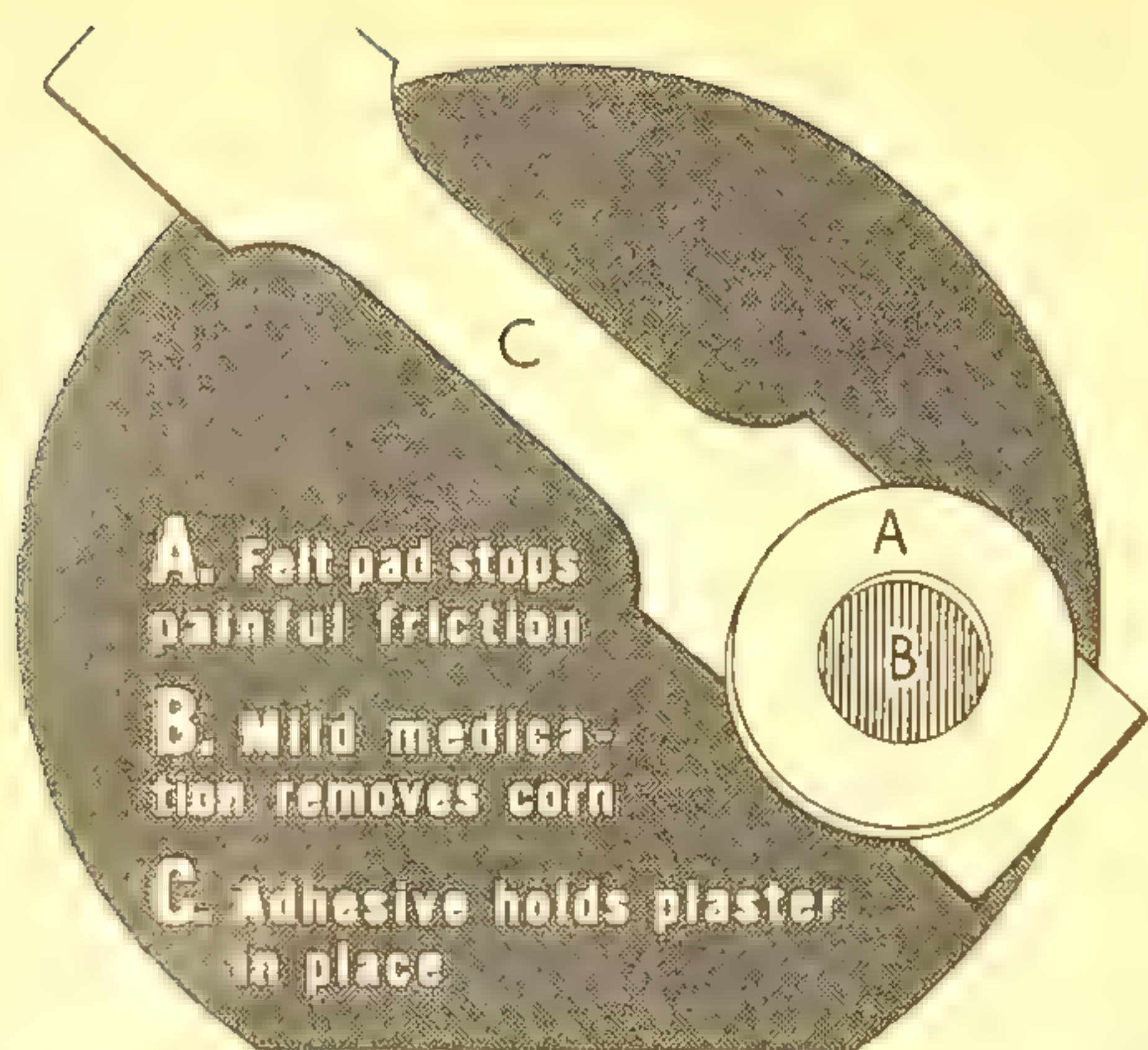


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TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS



BY
MARK DOWLING

NORMA TALMADGE "GILBERT ROLAND? OH, DON'T BE SILLY!"...LOIS WILSON I WISH

YOU'D CORRECT YOUR ITEM THAT WINSLOW FELIX IS A PLAYBOY - COULD IT BE BECAUSE HE

PLAYS POLO?"ESTELLE TAYLOR "IF THEY RAN OVER JACK WITH A LOCOMOTIVE AND CUT

OFF HIS ARMS AND LEGS HE WOULD STILL BE A FIGHTER!" RUDY VALLEE "TWENTY THREE

PEOPLE ARE SUING ME - ONE FOR A MILLION - BUT I NEVER CLAIMED TO WRITE 'THE VAGA-

BOND LOVER'!" SENATOR BROOKHART "THE TREND IN PICTURES IS TOWARD PROSTITUTION!"

LORETTA YOUNG "I BOUGHT THAT ENGAGEMENT RING MYSELF!" MOVIE CRITIC "IT'S

LUCKY FOR CLARK GABLE THAT CENSORS HELD UP PAUL MUNI'S PERFORMANCE IN 'SCARFACE' FOR

SIX MONTHS." ETHEL BARRYMORE "I'M GOING TO MAKE A PICTURE WITH JOHN AND LIONEL

AND IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL THRILL." EX-MRS. KARLOFF "NO WONDER INTERVIEW-

ERS FOUND BORIS CHARMING - WITHOUT MAKE-UP HE IS A GOOD ACTOR." WILL ROGERS

"WE HAD LITTLE LINDY RIGHT IN OUR CAR - GOD, WHY DIDN'T WE DRIVE AWAY WITH HIM?"....

LAWRENCE TIBBETT "IF I WERE ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND, I PROBABLY WOULD STOP SINGING."

EXPECTANT-FATHER PAT SOMERSET "HE OR SHE OR THEY WILL PROBABLY ARRIVE IN MAY."

LILY DAMITA "I'M NOT MARRIED OR ENGAGED AND I DON'T EXPECT EITHER TO HAPPEN ON THIS

TRIP." GLORIA SWANSON "I'M GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER BABY - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?"....

RUTH CHATTERTON "GEORGE BRENT IS THE BEST LEADING MAN I HAVE WORKED WITH."



"Here I am, stepping out of character again. And it's somewhat of an occasion, because I don't talk for publication often," says Edna May Oliver, who makes other Hollywood comedienne look to their laurels with her newest picture, "Ladies of the Jury."

Her deep cultured voice rings with enthusiasm. Every sentence is illustrated with a gesture. She is as humorous and likable as her characters on the screen.

"I don't like to tell too much about myself in interviews. Miss Garbo has the right idea. A clever woman. . . . An actress should be illusive . . . mysterious. . . . Perhaps the public tires of certain screen favorites simply because it knows too much about them—their love affairs and their favorite bath soap!"

"But don't worry—I'm not going to do a Garbo. High comedy is my field. My hobby—making people laugh! . . . I've played several weepy ladies, but I didn't like them."

"More details about myself? . . . I love to swim . . . and hate to have pictures taken . . . I've lived in New York for years, but after ten days' vacation there this winter I raced back to Hollywood. . . . I'm afraid the charm of New York eludes me!"

"I hate having dresses made. . . . I love parsnips . . . symphony orchestras . . . and sniffing."

"Any man would be lucky if Lupe fell in love with him, but I'm afraid that hasn't happened to me," said Randolph Scott, blond young Paramount player, when he was reported as being engaged to la Velez.

"We have been out six or seven times together but I am too busy trying to be a success to fall in love," he added, but there was a quizzical glint in his gray-blue eyes.

"There were rumors of my being dropped when months went by without my making a picture, but B. P. Schulberg told me, himself, that he has big plans for me. I have a good bit in 'Sky Bride' and am working now in the new George Arliss picture.

"I haven't appeared before for several reasons. Once I was slated for second lead, but they found I was taller than the lead and would have made

him — Chester Morris — look silly." Of course *that* wouldn't do!

Mr. Arliss, evidently, didn't mind being overshadowed by the big rangy fellow who has Hollywood gossiping more than it has since the days of Joel McCrea's discovery.

"It's a swell break at last and I'm determined to make good!" Randolph adds. But about Lupe—there's a mystery!





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1929 ^{The} BROADWAY MELODY

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with Walter HUSTON

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TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

Read **MOVIE CLASSIC'S** stories for the latest news about the stars. Read **MOVIE CLASSIC'S** reviews for the news about their newest pictures.



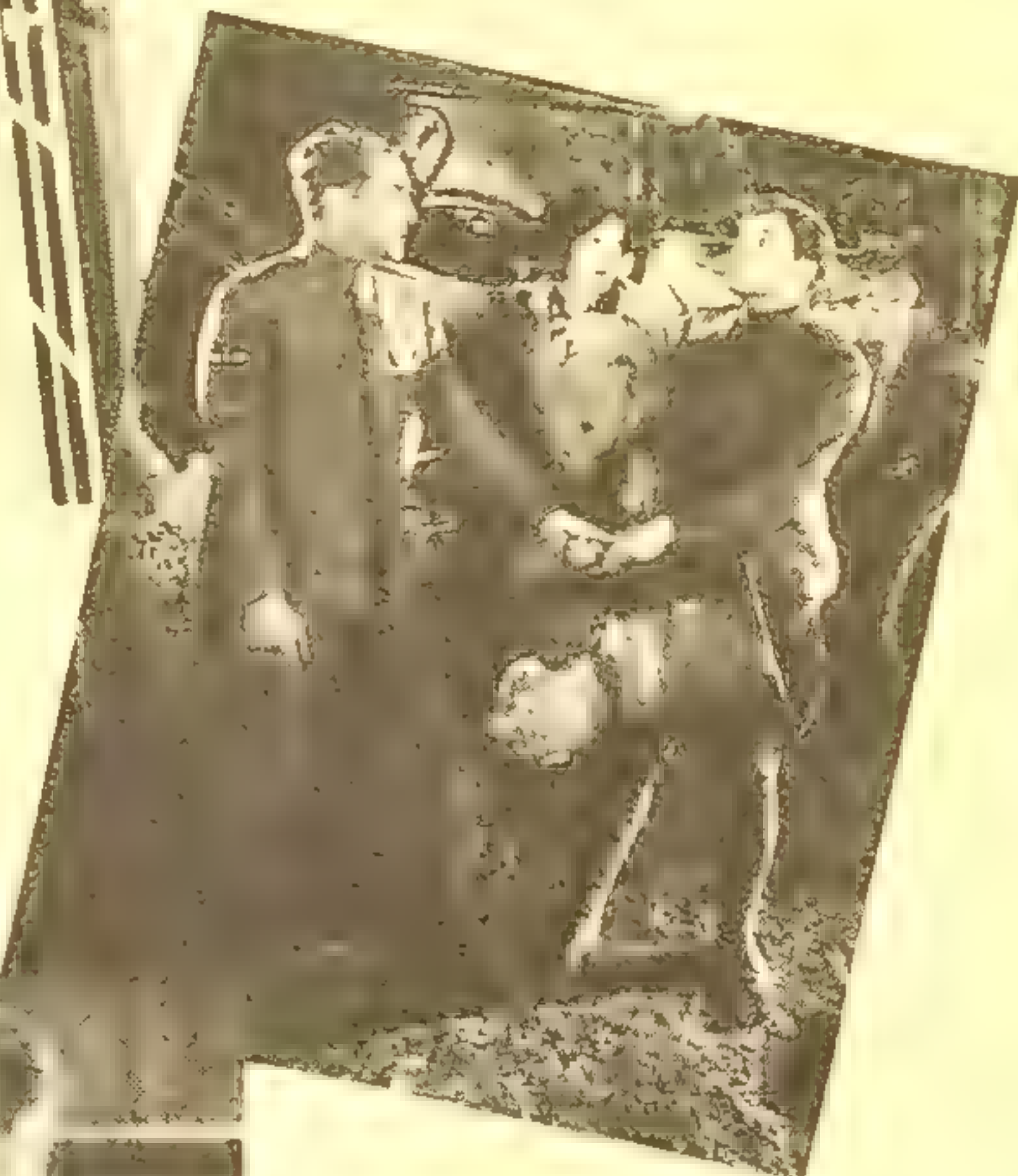
Above: Joel McCrea, Hugh Herbert and Richard Dix in "The Lost Squadron"



Above: Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon in "After Tomorrow"



Above: Marion Davies and Clark Gable in "Polly of the Circus"



Above: William (Stage) Boyd, Ann Dvorak and Spencer Tracy in the air comedy, "Sky Devils"



Above: Lionel and John Barrymore as the co-stars of "Arsene Lupin"



Right: Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex"

THE LOST SQUADRON

I've seen pictures about Hollywood before and groaned, but here is one I'm glad I didn't miss. It's suspenseful and it's bitter, but beneath all its melodrama you'll get the idea that Hollywood has a cruel side, as well as a glamorous one. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong, a trio of ex-war aviators down on their luck, find their way to Hollywood and become stunt fliers—and that's where you learn how air pictures are sometimes made. Eric von Stroheim plays the part of a director who specializes in film thrills, even though they cost a life now and then. The cast give the picture everything they have. The result is "a dramatic wallop."

AFTER TOMORROW

According to a young propheteer who has lately made Hollywood goggle-eyed with her predictions, Charles Farrell is going to make his biggest hit without Janet Gaynor. "After Tomorrow" isn't it, but it's a step in the right direction. Charlie loses some of his dignity and purity, and goes human. The story again concerns young love, but this time it lays stress on the torment of waiting to get married. In fact, it has some of the most skillful—and delicate—sex dialogue I've ever had the pleasure to hear. The only trouble with the picture is that the misfortunes that befall Charlie and Marian Nixon are the kind that make women weepy. Even Marian weeps. A little too much, I might add.

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

Marion Davies and Clark Gable both changed their personalities a bit to fit "Polly of the Circus." Marion changed from a comedienne into a dramatic actress, and Clark changed from a dee-vine he-man into a he-man divine. She's a circus star who's injured, and he's a young minister in whose home she recovers, thus becoming the common enemy of every woman in the parish. There's nothing new about the story—it has been imitated too often since its first appearance in silent days. It's still sentimental. I'm happy to report that it's also sprightly. And it's novelty to see Clark making love wearing his collar backward.

SKY DEVILS

"Sky Devils" is more like "Cock of the Air" than like Howard Hughes' other air picture, "Hell's Angels"—but even more like "What Price Glory?", if you know what I mean. It's he-man comedy, with the plot—such as there is—whirling around the enmity of two air corps rookies (Spencer Tracy and George Cooper) for their top sergeant (William Boyd). I didn't think they could squeeze another laugh out of the familiar theme, but the boys surprised me; in fact, they amazed me. The comedy moves at a fast clip, and there is some spectacular flying. But the big moments for me were those featuring the new and startling Ann Dvorak, who looks like one of the next stars.

ARSENE LUPIN

When a picture boasts two Barrymores, it should by rights be twice as good as a picture with just one. I wouldn't say that "Arsene Lupin" is. But it is at least twice as good as it would have been without them. To be painfully frank, the story is the familiar duel of wits between the smooth crook and the smooth detective; it seldom gets you excited. But John and Lionel make up for the shortcomings of the story by being their most amusing selves. You never forget for a moment who they are; and you wonder to the end which will steal the picture. Personally, I'd call it a tie—and give a third blue ribbon to Karen Morley, as the girl-detective whom John captures.

THE WISER SEX

Seeing isn't believing, so far as "The Wiser Sex" is concerned. Despite an excellent cast, it just doesn't jell. As in "Manslaughter," Claudette Colbert is in love with a crusading district attorney (Melvyn Douglas)—but doesn't go to prison this time. Douglas, however, is headed that way, thanks to some underworld plotting (by William Boyd and Lilyan Tashman)—until Claudette does a little detective work. It's one of those pictures in which the principal amusement is seeing how many times you can guess correctly what will happen next. My score was high, I'm sorry to say, particularly when Claudette and Lilyan and Melvyn and William—in about that order—all did nobly.

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	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
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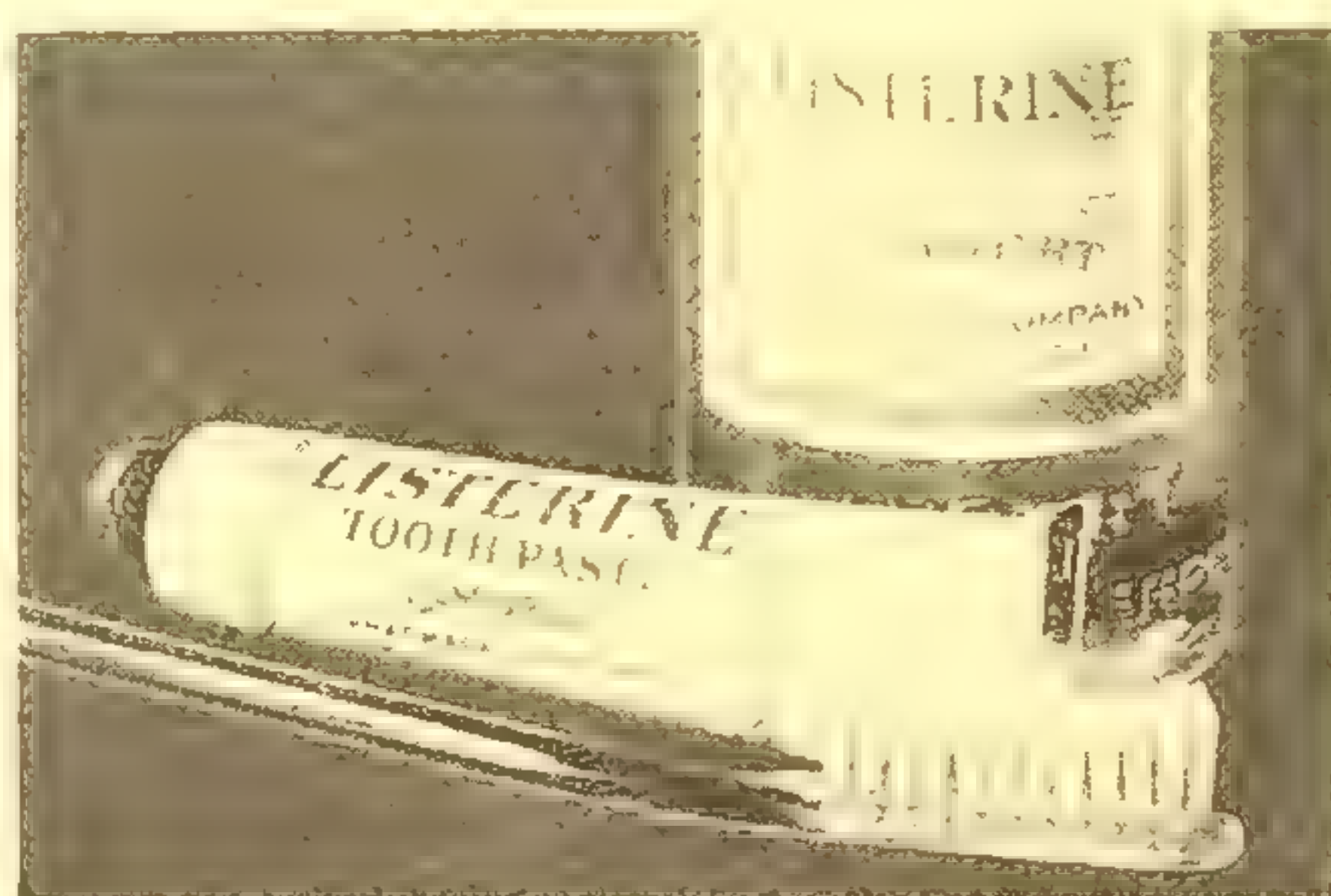
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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC



Everyone is asking questions about the baffling Marlene. Those that are not answered here by Marlene, herself, are answered by Louise Rice on page 51

DIETRICH Speaks Out for Herself

Marlene Dietrich baffles interviewers, as you probably know. She answers their questions with "Yes" or "No," if possible. She just can't be persuaded to talk about herself. But here is one interview in which she does speak out at length and with frankness and a sense of humor—and shows you, herself, a Marlene Dietrich you have never seen before. You may be surprised. Certainly, you will know her better.—Editor.

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

IT WAS just pure luck that I happened to find Marlene Dietrich in a talkative, confidential mood—a Spring fever mood. Many writers, including this one, have interviewed Marlene and have come away with the feeling that they have been evaded by the languorous German girl who so hates to talk about herself for publication. But, this time, I sensed that this was not to happen. Dietrich, the

(Continued on page 76)

Who are the NEW Garbos of the Screen?

Maybe you think Garbo will never have a rival—but the studios aren't giving up the search for one. Here are three exotic new blondes to prove it—Sari Maritza, Tala Birell and Karen Morley. And, even though they are brunettes, don't forget Lil Dagover and Pola Negri (who is entirely different in the talkies)!

WILL there ever be anyone else like Garbo? Personally, you may not think so—but Hollywood probably will never give up the hope that somehow, sometime, somewhere a Garbo rival will be found. Beginning with Marlene Dietrich, who

came from, and what their claims to fame are—but, first, consider what has happened to the "Garbo rivals" of 1931.

Perhaps you can remember how Hollywood greeted the arrival of such foreign charmers as Marlene Dietrich, from Germany; Evelyn Laye, from England; Jeanne Helbling, from Paris; Suzy Vernon, also a Parisienne; and Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who had become London's favorite actress. It was cheerfully ballyhooed (mostly by their respective studios) that any, or all, of these ladies would put serious dents in the Garbo armor. Each one was a dangerous threat to her tremendous popularity.

They came, they saw—but out of that group only two have conquered, and not by being "second Garbos." Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead have survived the hysteria of their own press-agents and have won stardom and large followings. Whether or not they have developed into rivals of Garbo, any more than they are rivals of Joan Crawford or Norma



C. S. Bull

What if Garbo should do the unexpected and give up the movies—could they find "another Garbo"? They're already trying!

strenuously objected, every startling newcomer who came along has been hailed as "another Garbo"—until now there is a whole crop of "new Garbos."

Some of the studios behind these dazzling newcomers favor the comparison; some fight it. But, either way, the girls themselves can't escape being likened to the silent Scandinavian—at least, in Hollywood. The most outstanding of 1932's new and unusual sirens are Tala Birell and Sari Maritza (notice that even their names are unusual!)—but they are not the only ones. You are about to learn who they all are, where they



Fryer

Like Garbo, Lil Dagover is exotic—but is too individual to copy her

Shearer, is a moot question. But at least their fate has been more flattering than that of some of the other languorous ladies who were to cause Garbo sleepless nights.

Even Evelyn Vanished

EVELYN LAYE, the stunning English woman who had been hailed by Broadway critics as the greatest beauty on the stage, returned to the stage and her native country following her one starring venture with United Artists, "One Glorious Night." Jeanne Helbling and Suzy Vernon, imported to adorn the rosters of RKO and First National, respectively, never really had the opportunity to demonstrate their charms to the American public. Jeanne Helbling had been brought to this country to make American pictures and remained to complete only two foreign versions in her native tongue before her contract ran out. Suzy Vernon was also restricted to pictures in her native language, thus losing out completely on the opportunity of presenting herself as a Garbo "rival."

Wouldn't you think that the fate of these alluring ladies, and the hullabaloo that arose when Dietrich and Bankhead were called "second Garbos" would make Hollywood wary? Maybe you'd think so—but, lo, a year later the movie capital finds itself with another crop of "new Garbos." Only now the producers are using radically different methods in publicizing their new "finds"—they are insisting, begging and imploring that their transplanted exotics suffer no comparison with Garbo.

With tears in their eyes, the Paramount publicity boys beg that Sari Maritza be spared the rumors that she is another Garbo (and, being Paramount, they naturally add "or Dietrich"). "She has charm and allure all her own," insists Paramount. As the word "allure" belongs strictly to Garbo in the minds of the newspaper men, they took hitches in their belts and strolled out to have a look at this girl who was sharing a word with Greta.

Sari More Like Nancy Carroll

IN place of a sophisticated, world-weary woman, they found a girl, no more than twenty-two years of age, who gave indications of being another Nancy Carroll, rather than another Garbo. She was as charming, friendly and un-Continental as our own Sue Carol or Anita Page. True, she smoked cigarettes with a long black holder and had been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin, but in spite of

these unusual details, she was no more of a mystery than Mary Brian.

Sari (whose real name is Patricia Nathan) surprised everyone by admitting she had been in Hollywood before, when twelve years old. She was born in Tientsin, China, of a Viennese mother and English father, and when the family made the trip to Europe to put Sari in school there, they passed through Hollywood. Her career, however, actually began in Hungary, where the movie-ambitious Sari secured a small part in a motion picture at the age of eighteen. Under the management of a young English woman named Vivian Gaye, Sari advanced quickly in European films and

(Continued on page 58)



Pola Negri came back with a "Garbo voice"



Can Sari Maritza be world-weary like Garbo?



Rou Jones

Tala Birell, blonde Roumanian, comes the closest to being a real Garbo rival



Is Karen Morley an American Garbo type?

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



Ferenc

A second Constance Bennett? That's what they're asking about Bette Davis (above). You'll look her over in "So Big"

Everybody's giving George Brent, Warners' new sensation, a hand—including that other smiling Irishman, James Cagney

Does Garbo wear a straw hat when sunbathing? Helen Mann, Educational charmer, says it's wise



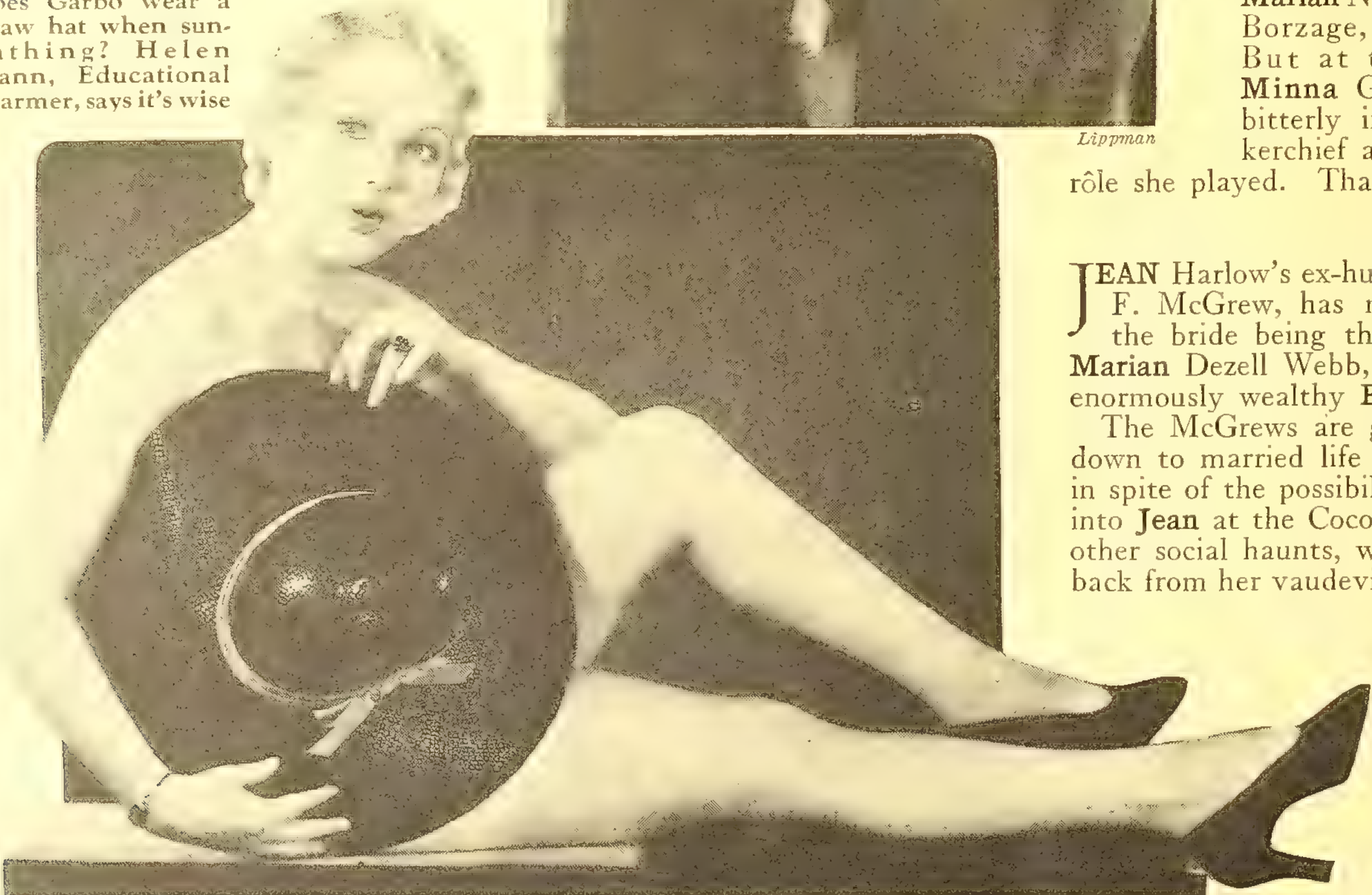
Lippman

rôle she played. That's like Minna.

"AFTER TOMORROW" is a grand, sincere picture that reflects a lot of credit on Charlie Farrell, Marian Nixon and Frank Borzage, the director. But at the preview, Minna Gombell wept bitterly into her handkerchief at the "mean"

JEAN Harlow's ex-husband, Charles F. McGrew, has married again, the bride being the former Mrs. Marian Dezell Webb, heiress of the enormously wealthy Earl G. Dezell.

The McGrews are going to settle down to married life in Hollywood, in spite of the possibility of running into Jean at the Cocoanut Grove or other social haunts, when Jean gets back from her vaudeville tour.



THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY MANNING

ESTELLE Taylor and Lupe Velez used to be the closest of friends—but recently things have been rather cool between the two flaming brunettes.

Reason—believed to be—Randolph Scott, Lupe's new boyfriend.

When Estelle was ill in the hospital, the handsome Scott boy dropped over to pay his respects, which, we hear, didn't make such a hit with Lupe. Well, if these little tiffs didn't happen, Hollywood would be begging for excitement!

THE folks couldn't believe their eyes when Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss showed up for the première of the musical stage play, "Crazy Quilt." They figured the dignified Arliss and his wife had wandered in by mistake—but they lived to learn differently.

The English actor and his wife occupied front-row seats and nearly fell out of them—with laughter.

LILA Lee was recently seen at a Warner Brothers preview in the company of Ricardo Cortez and Lew Schreiber. The next day a local newspaper writer broke out in print with a rumor about Lila and "Ric." It was a good guess—but the newshound picked the wrong gentleman. It's Lew, Al Nelson's boon companion, who is taking Lila places these days. Cortez just happened to be along.

BILL Boyd and RKO-Pathé have come to a parting of the ways after one of the longest contract engagements on record. For eight years Bill turned out consistent money-makers for this concern (by the way, did you know that Boyd's



Is she red-headed for bigger and better parts at last? Merna Kennedy has a right to hope so—after all but stealing "Lady with a Past" from Connie Bennett



Though Richard Arlen is an aviator in "Sky Bride," it doesn't look as if Virginia Bruce intends to tell him to take the air. Dick's new love is from the Follies

Won't you kim-on-over? is what Phyllis Crane seems to be asking. You'll find her in Educational's comedies about Hollywood girls

Don English





pictures grossed within fifteen per cent of **Constance Bennett's**?), but toward the last he grew discouraged with the stories and directors selected for his productions.

Had **Bill** remained with RKO, he would have received \$5000 weekly. That's a lot of money to turn down, but **Boyd**, who is a great star on Main Street, feels he deserves a better picture break than the home company was giving him. He will free-lance for the time being.

ROMANCES are picking up a little bit this month. Maybe it's the Spring influence. Anyway—

When **Eddie Sutherland** returns from his directorial duties with **Douglas Fairbanks** in the South Seas, no one would be surprised if **Eddie** stepped up to the altar with **Audrey Henderson**, young actress.

And the folks are beginning to believe that **William Haines'** interest in **Alice Glazer** (the former Mrs. **Barney Glazer**) may be serious.

MARY Pickford has a quaint habit connected with giving autographed pictures of herself to her close and intimate friends. When **Mary** gives a picture to someone she is genuinely fond of, she has the proof destroyed so that the same picture will never be duplicated to another friend—or reach publication. It's a lovely, sincere gesture—but **Mary's** friends usually pick her best pictures, which leaves only "second bests" for the newspapers and magazines.

TALLULAH Bankhead has declared war on interviewers! When **Tallulah** first arrived in Hollywood, she saw thirty-one reporters in one week. She told her studio: "I'll see everyone who wants to meet me; I'll be a good girl and take lots of fashion pictures and new photographs for you; in short, I'll do anything you say *until* I actually start work on my picture. After that if you show up with any newspaper people in tow on my set, I'll kick you all out!"

And maybe you think Paramount doesn't believe her! **Tallulah** became so excited when she saw **Julie Lang** of the publicity department coming toward her with a newspaper writer that she promptly turned and fled—but not before carrying out her threat! She calmly and grandly *kicked Julie* as she sped by.

JUST what happened between **Norma Talmadge** and her former devoted escort, **Gilbert Roland**, is not known. But evidently they called off their friendship on the best of terms, for, just before **Norma** left Hollywood for New York and Palm Beach she was seen with **Roland** on several occasions.

BETTY Compson and **Hugh Trevor** have kissed and made up after a misunderstanding that lasted six months. **Betty** had a couple of other beaux in the meantime—but, even so, she used to confide to intimate friends that she was still pretty interested in **Hugh**.

As for **Hugh**—is he happy to have his girl back again? You're asking? He says it was just a case of "You Try Somebody Else—I'll Try Somebody Else—" not working out.

MRS. John Boles is wearing the loveliest diamond bracelet in Hollywood and I'm telling you that there are *diamond bracelets* in Hollywood! It was a gift from the singing Romeo to celebrate their tenth, or eleventh or twelfth (or some equally unheard-of figure in Hollywood) wedding anniversary.

(Continued on page 66)

What to wear, when the weather's so changeable? Leave it to **Arline Judge** to find a cute answer—an open-work bathing suit, woolen cap, scarf and mittens, and Western riding boots! (P.S. No, this isn't the way **Arline** caught the "flu", after finishing "Girl Crazy".)

Gaston Longet

Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals All His Secrets

Do you know why Jimmy shot ahead so fast—and when you are most likely to find him in a serious mood—and how he will act when the right girl comes along? Toni Gallant tells you, by the science of Faciology

By TONI GALLANT

JAMES DUNN was just the sort of boy who inspired that jingle about "sticks and snails and puppy dogs' tails—that's what little boys are made of!" More than likely, he had it screamed after him five times a week by several severely agitated little schoolgirls. That is, if the girls of his school days used doggerels. And Jimmy, the little gentleman, replied: "Go tie yourself to a can!" or "Muzzle yourself!" or whatever bywords were in favor at that time, just to convey the idea he didn't care. Because he didn't—and still doesn't!

And, although he may have grown up in size, he hasn't changed greatly. Nature has done much for him without his being aware of it. Because just the things that go to make the boy unbearable usually tend to make him a very charming young man—the boyish sort that has that way of getting under your skin. Nature has done all of that for James Dunn, and made him as big a hit, in his way as Clark Gable. It has clothed him with all the glamour and charm of Peck's bad boy.

He has a very exciting and entertaining character on the surface. Life to him is a great adventure and he enthusiastically wants to see all it has to offer. He picks up things with surprising quickness. That is why he was able to give so superb a performance in "Bad Girl" without much preliminary training in histrionics. He learns by watching. You have to tell Jimmy only once.

But don't think from this that he never has a serious moment. There is character in him that is becoming stronger all the time. He has many serious moments but mostly when he is alone. Then, he is capable of deep meditation. That is why his judgment is invariably good. He likes to think things out for himself.

He Doesn't Believe in Promises

JAMES DUNN doesn't expect too much from people. "They're mighty weak when it comes to living up to promises" and "Everybody has the tendency towards backsliding"—these are his convictions about people in general. And, unhappily, they are only too true. That is why he wants results here and now. To James Dunn's

(Continued on page 70)



PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

- A. Face type—modified vital. His vitality is strong. He is good-natured and loves to be hospitable and a "good fellow." He believes in "live and let live." He should try to be outdoors as much as possible. His best thoughts will come to him there.
- B. Forehead—perceptive. He "catches on" very, very quickly. He is almost gamin-like in his ability to comprehend in a moment.
- C. Coloring and texture. Adventurous, quarrelsome and of a surprising strength when angry or aroused.
- D. Head formation—upper. Impetuous and impatient. Will take chances.
- E. Eyes. Whimsical. Has a strong sense of humor, bordering on the risqué. Likes to indulge in kidding, and also trying to shock people by saying what he doesn't mean.
- F. Eyelids. Shrewd and gamin-like. Can be very hard-boiled if crossed in purposes.
- G. Ears. He is conventional, although free in actions. His originality is confined more to mannerisms than thoughts.
- H. Nose. He is lively and optimistic. He craves excitement. He is inquisitive, and learns by observation. He lacks stick-to-it-iveness, but is practical enough to hang on. He can be shrewd and thrifty.
- I. Lips. He does not always have the best of self-control. He is apt to fly off the handle at times and has to battle strongly with himself. Variable in affections, but can be a good "sticker" when the right girl comes along.
- J. Lips (edges). Jimmy loves youngsters. Also dogs, cats and pets in general.
- K. Jaw (frontal). Easygoing, but can grit his teeth and make the grade any time he wishes. Has a sneaking admiration for a person who isn't afraid to do as he likes. Is just a trifle fussy over his appearance.

Hollywood Speaks its Mind about Tallulah Bankhead

Two months ago, MOVIE CLASSIC presented a revealing interview with the "sizzling comet among the stars"—Tallulah Bankhead. It told you, among other things, that she says what she thinks. And this story tells you what happened when other stars, from Lupe Velez to Clark Gable, spoke their minds about Tallulah—confidentially, you understand

JACKIE COOPER: "You see, it's like this about Miss Bankhead 'n' me. It seems Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—came out here to the Coast on the same train with Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who are good friends of mine. An' it seems Miss Bankhead tells Joan that she has sort of a crush—I mean that I am her favorite actor or somethin' on the screen. An' Joan gives a dinner party so Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—can meet me. She was pretty nervous, I guess. She says, an' you know she talks real deep, she says: 'Can it really be *you*, at last?'"

"She sits next to me at the table, too. She seemed real tickled about it. She's sure pretty all right—'n' regular—picked up her chicken in her fingers when I did. I stayed at the party until eleven o'clock. Tallu—I mean, Miss Bankhead—begged me to. I guess that's how that story about her and me got started. She sent me a swell present,

too—a boat—a swell boat. I think she's swell, too."

Dorothy Spensley, who wrote the interview with Tallulah in the March MOVIE CLASSIC: "She was in bed when I met her. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon—but she was in bed, holding an impromptu reception with her maid, her secretary, a modiste and a manicurist, all on the bed with her. And you think it wasn't a reception? Only a Continental drawing-room ever held such laughter and *bon mots*, such a poised hostess, and such champagne! When Tallulah speaks in that low throbbing voice of hers and says the Things She Says in the Way She Says Them, she could hold a reception in her bathtub and it would be the real thing! She's quite the swell—est dish the poor old press has met in many a moon."

What Carole Has Noted

CAROLE LOMBARD: "I know Miss Bankhead only on the screen, but I think her truly fascinating. One little thing I've particularly noticed is that her clothes are so un-Hollywoodish, if you know what I mean."

A Certain Well-Known Columnist: "Sure, Bankhead is a hot potato and a splash of color. But when she runs out of her bag of tricks—then what? The newspaper people are crazy about her because she says what she wants to when she wants to. In a way, she's in a spot. Wonder if anybody can live up to Tallulah's reputation for brilliance and wit in this 'man's town?'"

Fredric March: "It's one thing to know a star like Tallulah by her publicity reputation—and quite

(Continued on page 60)



COMPILED BY
MADGE
CARVEL

MOVIE CLASSIC

TABLOID

NEWS SECTION

• THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS •



In the April MOVIE CLASSIC, you read of Estelle Taylor's going to the hospital with fractured neck vertebrae—and refusing ether while the bones were reset. Here's how the spunky Estelle looked to her callers, including the handsome Randolph Scott



Meet Tom Mix's new wife, formerly Mabel Ward, circus aerialist—and Thomasina, his daughter by his former wife. The little girl is credited with having played the rôle of Cupid in her father's new romance. Tom is now making his second talkie



Acme

When Lily Damita posed for this photo, before sailing for Hawaii, she denied any plans to marry Sidney Smith. Later, reporters learned Smith was aboard. Wonder if she meant denials?



Wide World

They gave Billie Dove a great big palm in Palm Beach on her vacation — especially when she sunned herself in this one-piece suit. She smiled away all romance rumors

Recuperating from a recent stroke of apoplexy, Maurice Costello (right) is happy to state that his illness led to a reconciliation with his daughters, Dolores and Helene. The noted actor had not seen them for five years



MARY SEES DOUG OFF ON LONG VOYAGE WITH PRETTY LEADING LADY

Maria Alba, Spanish Beauty and Recent Bride, To Be "Native" Heroine In Fairbanks' South Sea Picture—Tearful Farewells On All Sides

BY DOROTHY DONNELL



Only four days before his troupe was to sail for Tahiti, Fairbanks chose pretty Maria Alba as his leading lady

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks decided to go to the South Seas to make his next picture, and Mary decided to stay in Hollywood and make *her* next picture, the old gossip started. Buzz-buzz-buzz—separation—divorce—they say—buzz-buzz. It kept up right to the moment of sailing, particularly when the huge crowd at the pier saw that this time Doug was taking along a leading lady—the very young, very pretty and very excited Maria Alba. Every eye was on her.

Mary used to go everywhere Doug went, even on location trips whenever possible, until two or three years ago. Then she startled the public by letting Doug take his jaunts abroad alone. The reason was very simple—Mary not only doesn't like traveling (and never has), but it actually makes her ill. Being a sensible and devoted wife, she felt that she should not interfere with Doug's wanderlust. Hollywood, however, preferred to believe that Mary stayed, or Doug went, for a more interesting reason, and the divorce rumors resulted. Doug and Mary knew, as did Maria Alba, that there would probably be more such rumors from this trip to the other side of the world—but all three could afford to ignore them. Sooner or later, the true story would be published. Here it is.

As the *S. S. Makura*, bound for



Though hardly in the mood, Mary and Doug had to face cameras—and smile

Papeite, capital of Tahiti, sailed out of San Francisco harbor. Maria Alba drew her first breath in three frantic, crowded days. Four days before, she had been just the happy bride of David Todd, casting director at Fox Studios, planning to give up the screen career that had brought her from Barcelona four years ago to play in Spanish versions of American pictures. Then had come the chance to take tests for the rôle of the native heroine in the Fairbanks picture. And the tests had been more successful than she had dared to hope. She supplanted Lupita Tovar, who had been tentatively chosen.

Maria almost didn't go when it came time to part from her new husband, David Todd



Onlookers report that the final parting between the Todds made it look for a moment as though Doug would have to sail away without a leading lady. Maria sobbed and clung to her husband's coat, while Mary and Doug escaped behind closed stateroom doors to say farewell without prying eyes or pointing cameras. When Mary reappeared, she wore a veil over her eyes.

Mary and Maria took an affectionate leave of one another. No one heard everything they said. Perhaps Mary was begging to see that Doug wore his rubbers if they struck the rainy season in Tahiti. It is certain that Mary called after Maria to be sure to write. "Yes, yes, I'll write you often," called back Maria.

And after all the tears and partings, Maria may not appear in the Fairbanks comedy in the end. Doug's first plan was to have a native heroine for his picture. Then, deciding that this might be impossible, he had sought out a Hollywood heroine who could look like a South Seas beauty, if his search for a native heroine were in vain. Maria, they say, does not know this. Perhaps she would not have gone if she had not been *sure* of the rôle.

LUPE VELEZ' ROMANCE WITH "SECOND COOPER" DIDN'T BLOOM

Randolph Scott, Newcomer Who Resembles Gary Cooper, Was Scheduled To Play Opposite Gary's Old Flame Until Romance Rumors Linked Their Names

LUPE VELEZ and Randolph Scott, the tall young Virginian who is being mistaken for Gary Cooper, were supposed to be teamed in the Paramount picture, "The Broken Wing." But before the picture could be started, romance rumors linked their names—and Scott was transferred to the cast of "Sky Bride," instead. And good old Hollywood couldn't help getting a laugh out of all this, because it remembered the reports of the same studio's disapproval of the original Gary and the hot-headed little Mexican actress.

When Randolph Scott first arrived in Hollywood last Fall, his startling resemblance to Gary Cooper was a source of interest to everybody. Talk had it that Paramount was grooming this tall, lanky boy to take the place of Gary, if the latter's state of health kept him from screen activity very long. But when it began to be rumored about that the chap who looked so much like Gary was being seen with Gary's old flame, Lupe Velez, the interest turned to polite behind-the-hand laughter and everybody sat back to wonder if Mr. Scott were going to follow in Mr. Cooper's romantic trail, as well as the professional.

Certainly, for a little while at least, Lupe made no attempt to squelch the rumors—though she did later. They tell an amusing story of a time when Lupe, in her dressing-room, proclaiming how "craze" she was about young Scott, instructed her maid to call him on the 'phone. "But there are several Mr. Scotts,"

said the girl. "Which one?" Lupe is pictured as replying, "Call up my sister and

For three years, Lupe was in "loft" with Gary Cooper (right)



Then along came Randolph Scott (above) who looks like Gary

wanted. At least, she knew well enough to seem flustered when she heard that a certain Mr. Scott had dropped over to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to call on Estelle Taylor, where Estelle was recovering from an automobile accident. Lupe and Estelle were friends, but when Randolph and Estelle became friends—that was something else again.



Lupe is now in the new Ziegfeld show with Buddy Rogers. Wonder if rumors will link their names next?

Lupe and Scott were seen together so much, and Lupe was so freely giving the impression that she liked Mr. Scott that Paramount *may* have felt it was time to step in and stave off a repeat on the Cooper-Velez romance. Anyway, Randolph Scott does not appear with Lupe in "The Broken Wing," and now Hollywood hears that their interesting friendship is as cold as an "overdrawn" notice from the bank. Hollywood is firmly convinced that a romance was headed off by something—either the studio, a secret revival of the Velez-Cooper romance, or a brand-new romance on one side or the other. And Hollywood, being Hollywood, favors the first explanation.

Lupe has temporarily shaken the dust of California from her high Spanish heels while she takes a flier in Ziegfeld's new Broadway show, "Hot-Cha!", along with Buddy Rogers. Next, probably, there will be romance rumors about Lupe and Buddy. Wherever Lupe goes, she seems to attract romantic speculations. In the meantime, Mr. Scott seems to be devoting his free time to several pretty (and much safer) Hollywood ingénues. So far, there is no talk that he and Lupe are enriching the telephone and telegraph companies.

By DORIS JANEWAY



RUDY VALLEE'S WIFE GOES WEST FOR HEALTH, NOT DIVORCE

Here are Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb, as they looked to the minister on July 6, 1931—the day he disappointed his admirers and got married. They met while he was filming "The Vagabond Lover"

Three Times Since Marriage To Famous Crooner, Fay Webb Vallee Has Returned To California Home—Trips Are Merely "Health Vacations"

BY HELEN SCOTT

EVER since Rudy Vallee married Fay Webb, daughter of a Santa Monica (Cal.) city official, the gossips have been busy hinting that they are on the verge of separation. Though their close friends have scoffed at such insinuations, outsiders have called attention to the fact that, in the short span of their married life, Fay has made three trips back to the home of her family after short "visits" with her husband in New York. The gossips' guess was that the popular crooner and his bride were quarreling and making up.

But lately there have been whispers of a more serious, poignant explanation back of these marital vacations of the Vallees—a memorable love story that comes straight from Santa Monica friends of the couple:

Fay Vallee's health is a constant worry to herself, her husband and her family. A victim of "low resistance," she must constantly be on her guard against contracting any dangerous illness—such an illness, say, as attacked Lila Lee and Renée Adorée. She must have a great deal of sunshine, rest and outdoor life. When she first met and fell in love with the radio singer, during the time he was making "The Vagabond Lover" in Hollywood, Fay told him of her delicate health, but Rudy refused to let that make any difference. He wanted

to marry Fay immediately, before he returned to New York, but she wanted to be sure that he knew his own mind. She said, "Let's wait a few weeks, anyway."

Not long after, she followed him to New York—and they were married, surprising millions of Vallee admirers. Being the bride of such a popular entertainer, the new Mrs. Vallee had to attend a constant round of parties in her honor. Rudy's entire life is night-life—his radio, night-club and theatre engagements. Fay, anxious and happy to be at the side of her husband, attempted to keep up the pace as long as she could stand it, physically—and then it was necessary for her to return to the quiet of her California home.



Three times Fay has had to return to the home of her parents in order to regain the strength that has been expended in living up to the busy and exciting rôle of being Rudy Vallee's wife!

Fay became so ill on her last visit to Rudy, and the crooner of love songs became so alarmed, that he insisted she return to her parents for a long "vacation." He promised that he would arrange for a vacation, himself. Fay did not see how it could be done—but love can always find a way. Rudy has just been with her, ending rumors.

Worried about the health of his bride (right), Rudy insisted that she go back to California for a "good, long rest" and joined her there—thus ending rumors that they were on the verge of divorce



MILLIONAIRE CABLES PROPOSAL—VIRGINIA CHERRILL SAYS "YES"

Chaplin's Leading Lady In "City Lights" Sails
For Wedding In South Seas—Bridegroom One
Of America's Wealthiest Men

BY JANE MATTHEWS

VIRGINIA CHERRILL, who crashed into movie prominence opposite Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights," is the latest screen beauty to win a millionaire—and, appropriately enough, the setting for the wedding is the Society Islands. Along with the Douglas Fairbanks troupe headed for the South Seas to film "Tropic Nights," she sailed to meet the Vincent Astor yacht at Tahiti—and to become the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, New York socialite.

Besides belonging to the Four Hundred, Mr. Stewart is one of the wealthiest men in America. His mother, upon her death a few years ago, left many millions to be divided between her two children—William and his sister, Anita, Duchess de Braganza, wife of the pretender to the throne of Portugal.

Several years ago, Stewart married Laura Biddle of the prominent Philadelphia family, and their wedding was an international social event. Almost from the beginning, however, their union was an unhappy one, and two years ago they were divorced, on the grounds of "incompatibility." Her marriage to

Stewart is also Virginia Cherrill's second venture into matrimony. While in her early teens, she wed Irving Adler, Chicago attorney. Their marriage went a-glimmering when Virginia went to the Coast to visit her Chicago chum, Sue Carol, and stayed to enter the movies.

While playing opposite Chaplin, her name was romantically coupled with his, as is usual with Chaplin and his leading ladies. Later, there was talk of an "engagement" to Buster West, comedian. But Virginia's biggest romance was with Tommy Lee, son of a wealthy West Coast family. Wedding bells were confidently expected, but about six months ago they had a misunderstanding and Virginia went away for a visit to New York. It was there that she met William Rhinelander Stewart—and their close friends say it was a case of love at first sight.

Upon Virginia's return to Hollywood, she was bombarded with cables from Stewart, who was cruising on the yacht of

Vincent Astor. When the lovely blonde girl finally consented to join the party, the papers were full of the news that Stewart and Miss



Friends say it was a case of "love at first sight" with both Virginia Cherrill and her millionaire suitor. And if she hadn't quarreled with her "fiancé," she might never have met Stewart!

Cherrill would be married aboard the Astor yacht, the ceremony to be performed by Vincent Astor, himself, in his capacity of captain.

The peculiar part about this story is that Virginia hardly had time to reach Tahiti before reports appeared in the papers that the Astor yacht was back in American waters. The reports, however, did not state that Mr. Stewart was still aboard. The inference was that he was still cruising somewhere in the South Seas, waiting for his bride.

If the Astor yacht is back in American waters, should we believe an earlier report that Mrs. Astor objected to having the wedding on board the yacht, because of the publicity that would result?

It is not exactly uncommon for pretty movie girls to marry wealthy men. Constance Talmadge married the enormously rich Townsend Netcher of Chicago; the same city furnished an equally wealthy and charming young husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., for Marian Nixon; Constance Bennett was briefly the wife of the socially prominent young millionaire, Phil Plant. Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Taylor and Peggy Fears have all married millionaires. And now, along comes Virginia Cherrill, who, in becoming the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, will assume a national social leadership.



William Rhinelander Stewart proposed wedding on Astor yacht

WHY DID COLLEEN MOORE AND AL SCOTT ATTEMPT SECRET WEDDING?

Former Screen Favorite Tries To Dodge Publicity In
Marrying Young New York Broker—Both Had Been
Divorced, and Romance Had Been Denied

BY EVELYN DERR



Acme
Above, Colleen Moore registers that honeymoon smile at Miami Beach, at the side of her new husband, Albert Scott. Right, Colleen and her former husband, director John McCormick, on a yachting trip when their marriage was one of Hollywood's "happiest." Below, Colleen as you may soon see her on the screen



WHEN Colleen Moore and Al Scott motored from Palm Beach, Florida, to Fort Pierce, Florida, early one recent morning and were married, they did everything in their power to keep the news from reporters. The "secret" lasted just two hours before the Palm Beach newshawks got wind of what had taken place and proclaimed their findings to newspaper syndicates. But why did Colleen attempt a secret marriage?

All her friends expected Colleen and the young New York broker to be married as soon as her divorce from director John McCormick became final (on May 13, 1931). Yet even when the rumors of their engagement were flying the thickest, Colleen denied the romance and said she

an auspicious beginning, might not the little Irish girl have wanted to escape publicity as much as possible when marrying a second time? Also—not only was Colleen, herself, a divorcée, but her thirty-year-old bridegroom, whose full name is Albert Parker Scott, has been divorced. He married Elizabeth Eshbaugh, daughter of a wealthy New York stock broker, in 1930 and the couple parted in September of the

doubted if she would ever marry again! Colleen is too level-headed to have wanted a secret marriage merely because it has become a popular fad among picture people. There must have been other reasons, thinks Hollywood.

Her first marriage having ended in divorce after

same year by the divorce route.

Several months later he went to Los Angeles to visit and it was there that he met Colleen Moore. Friends say that they were immediately attracted to each other. They had a great deal in common, also—both bearing the scars of recent marital break-ups. From the beginning, Scott was Colleen's devoted escort and financial adviser. They say that it is through his influence that Colleen has not invested her own money in making a "comeback" picture and that he has encouraged her to stick to stage engagements until she has acquired the necessary experience for talking picture technique. She has just been appearing in "Church Mouse" on the Los Angeles stage.

Her career is another reason why Colleen may have wished to keep her Florida marriage a secret. Except in rare cases, Hollywood still clings to the belief that the public is more interested in unmarried actresses. (Look at Garbo!) And Colleen is decidedly *not* retired from her career. She is as eager to make a hit on the talking screen as she was, in the old days, to reach the pinnacle of silent-screen fame. The general knowledge of her marriage to John McCormick did not deter her then. And with Colleen's fighting spirit, the knowledge of her marriage to Al Scott will probably in no way detract from her "comeback" as a talkie star.

Since their divorce, Colleen's ex-husband, John McCormick, has married again—and the marriage has gone on the rocks. Previous to this second marriage, McCormick was rumored to have asked Colleen to remarry him. But by that time she had met Albert Scott.

PICKFORD'S MEMORIES OF FIRST WIFE HASTEN END OF THIRD MARRIAGE

Actor's Friends Say He Cannot Forget Tragic Olive Thomas—Give This As Real Reason For Pickford-Mulhern Divorce

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

JACK PICKFORD, at thirty-six, has lost his third actress-wife. With tears in her eyes, Mary Mulhern has just divorced the once-famous younger member of the House of Pickford, whom she married on August 12, 1930. She asked her freedom on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty," alleging constant fault-finding. But those who know the inside story claim that Mary did not mention the real tragedy of their marriage—a tragedy that started with Jack's first marriage.

Old-timers in Hollywood still remember the sensation that Jack created when he brought his first wife, Olive Thomas, to the Coast—and to fame in the movies. The movie colony had heard that she was the toast of Broadway, but no one was prepared for the exquisite beauty of the "Follies" girl he had married.

Jack was then nineteen, and one of the most winning personalities on the screen. His was a desperate case of young love and it lasted without a let-down for five years. And no one who was at the farewell party for Jack when he went away to war will forget the desperate sobbing of Olive Thomas that broke up the party. When, a few years later, the gay, young, tempestuous marriage came to a tragic end in a Paris hotel room, Jack Pickford suffered a blow from which he never recovered.

All his troubles, say his friends, date from the death of lovely Olive Thomas from poison, taken by mistake. He cannot forget, they say, her frantic, heart-rending pleas, "Don't let me die! I don't want to die!"

He tried to pick up the broken strands of his life. He tried to go on with his screen career. In 1922, he even married again—this time winning another great Broadway favorite,

Marilyn Miller. This marriage, however, was doomed from the start—by the fact that he was on one Coast and she on the other, if for no other reason. They parted—friends. He left the screen. Only occasionally did the public hear of him.

When he suffered a complete break-



down last year, his pretty new bride, Mary Mulhern, an ex-"Follies" girl like Olive Thomas, became his devoted nurse. She remained at his bedside for weary months, tending him as only a woman very much in love can attend a very sick man, until she almost broke down, herself. And yet, when Jack recovered, Mary Mulhern brought suit for divorce. Why?

Was it because, as she implied in



Above, Jack Pickford and his third wife, Mary Mulhern—an ex-"Follies" girl like his first wife—just after they were married in August, 1930. She has just won a divorce on grounds of "mental cruelty." Left, Jack and his second wife, Marilyn Miller, who were separated by a Continent during most of their marriage, which ended in a friendly divorce



The girl Jack Pickford cannot forget—tragic Olive Thomas

her divorce complaint, she wanted to return to the stage and he objected? Or was it because, as she confided to a friend, he called over and over, while he was delirious—not for her, his wife, but for a slim, brown-haired girl who had been dead fifteen years: "Olive! Olive—?"

Can such grief be true of an actor? Jack's friends insist that it is true of him—and tell of his pilgrimages,

when he has been in New York, to the grave of Olive Thomas in the outskirts of the forgetful city.

RUTH CHATTERTON HELPS HUSBAND BUY PLAY—FORBES ASKS HER TO DIRECT IT

Couple Outbid Two Movie Companies To Get English Stage Hit,
Which Will Star Ralph—Ruth His Partner, Not His "Backer"

JANET BURDEN

A FEW months ago, Hollywood was saying that Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, were on the verge of divorce. Now Hollywood is saying that Ruth has gone to considerable expense and effort to stimulate interest in the "waning career" of her husband by purchasing a play, which she will direct and which will star Ralph!

"Forbes is slipping," the chatterers will tell you, "and Chatterton is trying to bring him back!"

It's a good story—but it just doesn't happen to be true, any more than were those divorce rumors of last December. Ruth Chatterton *has* bought a play, called "Counsel's Opinion," and will direct it. The play *will* star Ralph Forbes, supported by Rose Hobart. It is *not* true that Miss Chatterton refuses to sell the movie rights of the play unless Forbes is sold with them. According to the two who should know best about it, here is the true story of the venture:

Several months ago, Ralph Forbes became interested in this English stage hit. He thought it would be equally successful in America, as it offered opportunities for both stage and film production. It looked like a good investment—and Forbes, by no means "broke," started negotiations to buy the story, purely as a business venture. (Ralph Forbes made \$75,000 last year, and if that is "broke," then most of us are in the poorhouse. And as for his being



Ball

Hollywood heard that Ruth alone had bought the play that she and Ralph are reading above. But Hollywood was wrong—again

"through" on the screen, he is supporting Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below.")

But just as Forbes was about to close the deal on "Counsel's Opinion," two major movie companies started bidding for it. The price finally became so steep that he put the proposition before Ruth Chatterton and suggested that they buy it in partnership, each taking a half-interest. After she read the play, Miss Chatterton was equally "sold" on it and between them they topped the offers made by the film companies.

The production of the play—which may be renamed "Let Us Divorce"—is purely

a business venture, in which they are equally interested. As the leading rôle fits Forbes to perfection, he would be an extremely foolish business man not to play it. And, like any other producer, Ralph is merely anxious for the success of what has turned out to be a big invest-

ment and he is perfectly willing to sell the story to a film producer.

"I asked Ruth to direct the play," explains Forbes, "because I consider her the finest stage director in America to-day. It is too bad that her association with this venture resulted in such absurd gossip."



R. H. Louise



Lippman



Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH

Few girls are starred at eighteen, as Marian was. And even fewer do what she has just done—she has stepped back from stardom into featured rôles without getting those ol' blues. Marian, who's brainy as well as beautiful, knows her career will last that much longer. She goes merrily on her way in "Beauty and the Boss"



George Hurrell

'Fess up, Joan! Doesn't that harassed look mean you're hunting for the right words to describe yourself as the stenographer of "Grand Hotel"? You're a different Joan—and no mistake. Even the critics are grasping for words to praise you. They'll be watching for you and Robert Montgomery as co-stars in "Letty Lynton"

JOAN CRAWFORD



Ray Jones

JUNE CLYDE

Why doesn't June use a mirror when she's powdering her pretty chin? Silly question! That's just what she's doing—looking into the make-up box at her feet. Wonder if Mrs. Clyde's dancing daughter has ever thought of giving Helen Twelvetrees a worry or two? Watch for her in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood"!



George Hurrell

Just give him enough rope, warns Bob Montgomery, and he'll tie work at the studio into knots. Let Dick Arlen be a mariner—Bob would rather be a mare-owner. He's what is known as a polo fiend, now that he owns three ponies and plays on Ralph Forbes' team. He's working on "Letty Lynton" between polo sessions

BOB AND DICK AND GET AWAY



Otto Dvnr

PULL THE ROPES FROM IT ALL

While Bob bounds over the mainland, Dick Arlen bobs over the bounding main—and the only knots he's worrying about are the kind the ship is making. Every week-end, if possible, he hits the deck—and sometime (perhaps after "Sky Bride"), he's going to see to it that one of these here week-ends lasts a month or two



Ernest A. Bachrach

Have you heard? RKO is going to show the world that Irene also has s.a.—which stands for "subtle allure," and not for what you thought. Note the coy shoulder and the gay smile—and see if Norma Shearer doesn't have a competitor at last! Irene's new screen life starts in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Back Street"

IRENE DUNNE

Leo Carrillo— an Hombre after your own heart

Here's the answer to that question: "Is he just a good actor, or is he really Spanish?" And to that other question: "Why is he the only screen star ever invited to California's most exclusive parties?" He's a gay caballero you ought to know better!

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

ELISSA LANDI may be granddaughter of an Austrian Empress, Ivan Lebedeff may be a Russian Count, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin may pal around with the English nobility, and Constance Bennett may bear one of the proudest titles in all France—but did you know that there is only one screen star who is ever admitted to the aristocracy of old California, itself? And that this star is none other than Leo Carrillo, Hollywood's gayest caballero and the star who has the most colorful background of them all, perhaps?

When the Del Valles, the Bandinis, the Vallejos and the Dominguez' and other proud scions of California's First Families gather to hold *fiesta*, only Carrillo, of all the élite of filmdom, is invited. (And maybe this doesn't burn up some of the other stars!) But I ask you to remember that his name is pronounced Car-ree-yo, not Carrill-o, and that he is the great-great-grandson of one of California's first provincial governors and descendant of Juan Leon Carrillo, who landed with the *conquistadores* of Cortez to sack the treasure troves of the Aztecs.

"My ancestors?" Don Leo lifts an eloquent eyebrow. "Yes, but do not blame me. I am proud of them, *si*, but after all it is what one does with one's own life that counts."

A strange and fascinating personality, this son of old Spanish California. In spite of his proud ancestry, he is, above all, human and close to the people. He is equally at home with governors and with gangsters, numbering several of each among his intimate friends. The Mexican peons whom he often invites to his home are treated with the same gracious, old-world courtesy he accords the wealthy and the famous.

As Young As They Come

MY FIRST glimpse of him was at the preview of his picture, "Homicide Squad," held in Glendale. Unable to find a seat, he had joined a group of ragged urchins who squatted in the aisles, and was enjoying himself with all the gusto of a youngster at a circus. They



Longworth

didn't know who he was, but he got along with them like a pal. There is something infectious about his exuberance. Maybe you have caught it, too.

He is an author and an artist, as well as an actor—so he has three outlets for this exuberance; and he's about to adopt a young boy, to have still another outlet. His romantic history of early California is considered a classic. Besides English and Spanish, he speaks Italian, Chinese and Japanese fluently, and he attributes the success of his screen characterizations to his intimate contact with people of all classes, races and creeds. Jack London was his friend, and he was with O. Henry just before the great short-story writer died. Like them, he is a keen student of human nature.

The name of Carrillo is one that is stamped indelibly upon the history of California. Don Leo is related by either blood or marriage to the majority of those proud families whose cattle roamed the hills in uncounted thousands and who measured their land holdings by the square mile in the days before the *gringo* came. His great-great-grandfather, Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo, was one of the first governors of this vast Mexican province, in 1837-38, and was married to Don Leo's great-great-grandmother in old Carmel Mission by Fra Junipero Serra, founder of the missions in the late Eighteenth Century. Their marriage was made possible by special dispensation of King Carlos, the Third, of Spain.

On the other side of his family tree is the great and
(Continued on page 68)

Shall the Orders from the

This article will electrify you—it will make you ever printed in a screen magazine. It is the true, ever attempted in the movies and the greatest public. "Certain interests" don't want you to



Al Capone, who thinks gang films are "bad"

"Scarface" is more than another gangster picture: it is a courageous exposé of gangland—an exposé that may wake up America at last to the menace of the underworld. We have seen it; we know. But certain powerful interests are determined that YOU shall never see it. What these interests are, you may decide for yourself after reading this bold and fearless article. If, after you have read it, you agree with us that you should see the truths that they are trying to keep from you, **DEMAND TO SEE THIS PICTURE** at your neighborhood theatre.—Editor.

GANGDOM has challenged the movies! Lifting its ugly head, the world of racketeering has put the finger on the picture business. The producers are to be told what films they can or cannot make, or else—

These statements are no figments of a press-agent's imagination. The situation is here! It exists in the mysterious campaign to ban "Scarface," Howard Hughes' masterly exposé of gangdom. Other producers have made gang pictures before—and since—"Scarface" was made, and no one bothered them. Why, then, this insidious but determined effort to cut or ban entirely this terrific indictment of gang rule in America? *Who is afraid of its effect upon the public?*

Let us tell you what happened. Here, for the first time, is the story of Howard Hughes' fight to get "Scarface" on the screen. It is a dramatic fight, and a fine one, but it is not won yet. You still have your part to do.

Hughes is intellectually honest with his pictures. He never wobbles or turns saccharine. He does not compromise. When he decided to make "Scarface," he didn't even bother to camouflage the fact that

What Influences Have Worked to Keep "Scarface" from You?

Al Capone says: "I think these gangster pictures should be stopped. They are bad for the kiddies."

Does gangdom think it would be "bad" for YOU to see "Scarface" and the absolutely faithful reproductions of such gang crimes as:

The St. Valentine's Day Massacre?
The Killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo?
The Murder of Tony Lombardi?
The Hospital Shooting of "Legs" Diamond?
The Baby-Killings in New York?
The Capture of "Two-Gun" Crowley?

Who is trying to suppress "Scarface"—the one gang picture in which every incident is taken from the newspapers?

it was based on the life of Al Capone. The gangster's Miami home was mentioned; the locale of the picture was Chicago. Paul Muni, in the title rôle, was even made up to look like Capone. W. R. Burnett (author of "Little Caesar") and Ben

Hecht (co-author of "The Front Page")—both of whom are authorities on Chicago gangdom—were called in and told to give the picture the works. They did. *Every incident in the picture actually happened.*



When "Two-Gun" Crowley was flat last summer, the deadly gunman, of police for hours. This incident is

What Scared the Gangsters

THE St. Valentine's Day massacre of seven Chicago gangsters is one of those incidents. The killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo in his café is another. The murder of Tony Lombardi in his flower shop, after which Capone rose to power not only in Chicago, but in all America, is still another incident. The shooting of Jack ("Legs") Diamond while he was in a hospital is woven into the story, and the finale is taken from the bombardment, by several hundred New York police, of the stronghold of Francis ("Two Gun") Crowley.

By **ROBERT DONALDSON**

Movies take Underworld?

fighting mad. It is, perhaps, the most daring story inside story of the greatest expose of gangdom effort ever made to keep a picture from the see "Scarface." But will you see it, or won't you?

Strong stuff, this—stuff that hits close to home, stuff that didn't have to originate in any fiction-writer's imagination.

Word of "Scarface" got out to gangland. Shortly before the picture was finished, Howard Hawks, the director, received several telephone calls from Chicago gangsters who were



Paul Muni, as Scarface, smells a rose and tells George Raft it's too bad a certain gangster florist was killed—as was Tony Lombardi in real life



cornered in a New York armed, held off hundreds reproduced in "Scarface"

"vacationing," as they often do, in Los Angeles. They said they had been told to see the picture, as the "Big Boy" wanted to know what they were doing to his life story.

Hawks' reply was brief. "If you want to see 'Scarface,'



Every incident in "Scarface" is based on incidents that have happened in real-life gangdom. This is the faithful reproduction of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre of seven Chicago gunmen in a garage



Paul Muni, with a scar like Capone's, plays the title rôle of "Scarface"

boys, you'll have to pay at the box office, just like anybody else." Shortly afterward, a number of Chicago gangsters were run out of Southern California by the police. Before they left, however, both Hawks and Hughes had been threatened.

But then, mysteriously, opposition to the release of "Scarface" began to appear. It first cropped up in New York. The reason is not hard to find: The underworld was in trouble in New York. The Seabury investigation of

city politics was getting hot. Shifty politicians in high office were sweating on the witness stand, trying to explain how so much money had found its way into their safe deposit boxes—money far in excess of their salaries. There was an incessant demand that the Governor, and the Government, "do something."

Remember that the boys who carry the machine-guns are not the only

(Continued on page 62)

Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

Did you know that she is "jittery" with Hollywood—that she wants to leave the screen—that she longs to write and go back to the stage? And do you know why she has these desires? She tells you in this exclusive interview!

ANN HARDING lives on the highest hill in Hollywood. From the beautiful white house that she and her husband built out of their own minds, she can see all the movie colony spread out below and it looks like a colony of insects. She is not happy in this magnificent house with all the things supposed to make for happiness. She is "jittery" with Hollywood. She is disgusted with "moom pictures."

High above Cahuenga Pass, these great windows, out of which she is always looking and which dwarf the Hollywood world into something acutely small, have given her a new perspective in harmony with an old desire. For Ann Harding has a secret: She wants to write.

She wants to write so intensely that the desire has become a sort of hunger, which looks out of her delicate pale face and makes her pale blue eyes dreamy as she stands before the huge windows — windows that make transparent and pretty aimless the doings of the insect world below.

By
**DON
RYAN**

"I shall probably never be able to do it," she confessed. "That's why I don't feel I ought to talk about my trying to write. But ever since I've lived up here and have looked out these windows . . ."

Bachrach

Tends to Her Knitting

SHE interrupted herself with a smile—the one that on the screen deflates the ego of some vapid suitor; she glided from the window with the widely-spaced steps that are typical of her. Ann Harding can turn off her dreams like turning off an electric switch and be practical on the instant. She is above all things practical. She was practical now. She took up a pink bundle of yarn and sat down before the fire—to knit. Imagine, if you will, any other screen star knitting—even before an interviewer.

"It's one of those things to wear over the shoulders when I have breakfast in bed. The mornings have been so cold."

"Hello, Mother!"

A little figure had come hopping into the room—a little figure with two long curls the color of Ann Harding's own pale golden hair. It was Jane, three-and-a-half-year-old edition of her mother, a quickly-moving, tautly nervous child—and a much-guarded child since the Lindbergh kidnaping. Escaped now from her nurse, she was dancing around us, improvising the dialogue of an imaginary play-scene.

The child danced away laughing, to be recaptured by the stolid nurse.

A Jap boy, noiseless, as if on castors, rolled away with the remains of our tea. We lighted cigarettes.

Small flames were eating at the heap of logs in the great fireplace. Outside the windows, the clouds were boiling down above Cahuenga Pass. It was cold in Hollywood.

Ann Harding has been feeling the coldness and inconsistency of Hollywood—a condition without relation to the

(Continued on page 64)

According to rumor, sensitive Ann is slated to do "sexy" rôles. Can this be behind her desire to leave the screen?



Irving Lippman

JAMES CAGNEY

What's this—Jimmy shaking hands with himself? And why not? It's a boxer's way of saying "Howdy" to a roaring crowd. And how the crowd will roar when Cagney sheds his sweat shirt, puts on those mitts, and steps into the ring in "Winner Take All". If his fists fly as fast his wisecracks, he'll score another knockout.



Connie looks almost shy—as if she's wondering if you liked her as a comédienne in "Lady with a Past." After being everything from "Common Clay" to "Bought!" it was a relief to the Marquise de la Falaise to reveal a sense of humor, after all. She's now making "Free Lady"—before taking a vacation abroad

CONSTANCE BENNETT

MARLENE DIETRICH

will have only one great love, her Handwriting shows



Who knows what Marlene is really like? Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her studies of character from handwriting!—and tells you here what she finds in Marlene's signature. The German star, herself, could hardly tell you more!

MARLENE DIETRICH'S signature—reproduced herewith—gives the graphologist an enormous surprise. For what have all the publicity men featured in their blurbs about the German sensation? You all know as well as I do—LEGS, and not much of anything else. But ask her director and her business manager, and I am sure that they will tell you that they have found her to have a head for business and a good understanding as well.

No, I didn't mean that last characteristic as a joke, although you may think that I was guilty of a pun, which is a serious crime in this country. I mean that she has the ability to think quickly and to the point on any subject

that seems to her worth while. Also, that she has a sudden feeling or intuition that is often of great assistance to her in

outguessing the "other fellow," when trying to carry out her plans. See if your handwriting shows the little breaks in the connecting strokes of the small letters that Marlene has in her words. If so, you also have intuition and should use it to the best advantage.

Her handwriting reveals Marlene Dietrich as a person who has enormous pride, as shown by the inflated letter formations and high capitals; and there is a dislike of fussy conventionality in every stroke of her writing. Look at the reproduction of her signature and notice the sweep and swirl of the connecting stroke between her first and last name, which is just like a high-flung gesture of defiance.

Also, notice how few of her letter-formations follow the accepted rules of writing, as she forms her letters according to her own ideas and not those of others. Therefore, she will always be happier and more successful if she is allowed to work out her own destiny as far as possible, without too much interference, either from her family or from her business associates.

Along with this energy, we find that she is by nature positive, as well as somewhat self-centered. Also, we discover a good deal of emotional generosity and extra-

'Continued on page 74'

By LOUISE RICE



ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

The Life Story of a **DANGEROUS** Man

That's what they call Warren William—because he looks the part and has become a star after only six pictures. He's suspected of having a Past. Here are the facts about him!

BY GLADYS HALL

THEY say that Warren William looks like John Barrymore, talks like John Barrymore, *is* like John Barrymore—with a dash of Adolphe Menjou thrown in. They say that he is dangerous. He is called a Romantic Menace. With that smile and those eyes, he looks as if he might have a Past. As a gal once observed to me, longingly if inelegantly, "That Warren William—he has what it takes!"

You've seen him fairly recently with Lil Dagover in "The Woman from Monte Carlo." You've also seen him with Bebe Daniels in "The Honor of the Family." You've watched him playing opposite Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." His most recent effort has been "The Mouth-piece," which was, at once, his seventh picture *and his stardom.*

How did he get this way? What *is* his past? *Did* he grow up in some Continental city, exploring life and love, wise in the ways of women and the wiles of the world? You'll be surprised!

Warren was born, of solid German parents, in the very small town of Atkins, Minnesota—in such a town, among such people, as Sinclair Lewis wrote about in "Main Street." His father published a couple of small-town newspapers and always wished that he had been an actor. In those days, Warren told me, it wasn't respectable to be an actor. He added, "It probably isn't now—"

When Warren was a youngster, he thought he'd like to become an engineer. But as he could never add two and two together and make them come out four, he decided that he lacked the proper qualifications. At times it appealed to him to be a newspaper publisher like Dad.



Would you think, to look at Warren William, who reaches stardom in "The Mouth-piece," that he grew up in an American small town?

Ferenc

It would be fun to say what he really thought about neighbors who got snooty when their windows were broken or a can was tied to their old cat's tail. He was that kind of small boy.

He never paid any attention to small girls, except his two sisters, and there he couldn't help himself. Girls were nuisances, cry-babies, pests. He had, really, only one passion, and it might not be going too far to say that he has only one passion now—the same one. He longed for the sea. As a boy his most absorbing game was to play in water—puddles left by the rains, brooks, the lakes that dot his native state. Blue water with a white sail on it was bluer and fairer to Warren than any girl's blue eyes topped by a white hair ribbon . . .

He never once thought of becoming an actor. He didn't know any actors. He never even thought about actors. There had never been a theatrical personage in the family. They were all musical, the William family.

In high school, Warren took small parts in the school plays, but no one ever paid much attention to his desultory and usually minor performances. No one ever said, "Here is another Booth!" Least of all, himself. He took it all as a part of the school work and got through the performances as he got through the Latin grammar.

He graduated from high school without an idea of what he wanted to be. One of his sisters said to him, at random, "Why don't you be an actor, Warren?" And that casual sentence decided him.

He couldn't think of any good reason why he should not be an actor. So he packed his bags, took a train for New

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OLIVE OIL...

the great beauty oil

this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and *protects* the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?


Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

*Keep that Schoolgirl
Complexion*



ACTUAL SIZE!


This 6-inch test tube shows the exact amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.



OVER
30

BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."



OVER
40

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how_____

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm

wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars *must* keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin

smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

*9 out of 10 Screen
Stars use it*

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for *your* skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.



NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she *looks*. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap—10¢

Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck

Russ Columbo used to do the vocal work for screen heroes who were supposed to be singing—but he never got a break, himself. And when a famous song-writer "discovered" him and predicted he would be a radio sensation, Hollywood laughed. Now the producers are asking Russ to give THEM a break!

RUSS CO-
LUMBO,
believe it or
not (and
Mr. Ripley has docu-
ments on file to prove
it), is the twelfth child
of a twelfth child of a
twelfth child. The mag-
ic of the number twelve
has spun itself into
the entire fabric of his
life. And with music
and Latin heroes com-
ing back to the screen,
it's a bet that in the
next twelve months,
he'll be back in Hol-
lywood—where he got
his start. He has
proved that he can get
along without Holly-
wood, but can the
movies get along with-
out the Columbo that
America has discov-
ered?

It was almost twelve weeks to the hour from the night he was "found" in an obscure Hollywood night-club by Con Conrad, the song-writer, until the afternoon last October when he was called into the offices of the National Broadcasting Company in New York and signed to a radio contract. Twelve short, but eventful weeks that brought him from the oblivion of an off-stage voice in the movies to the pinnacle of popularity with millions of radio followers throughout America!

And again the number twelve! The lucky stars that found him in Hollywood and led him away from an income of fifty dollars a week (some weeks) are commanding for him twelve hundred dollars *a day* at present.

Russ was born in San Francisco on a rainy day in 1908. An electrical storm had devastated the city's telephone system, and Russ's father still swears to the story that it took twelve attempts to get word to the family physician that his presence was an immediate necessity.



Lansing Brown

His Real Name
THE nervous and distraught parent was so elated that his twelfth child was a son that he decided to give the infant an imposing name—and so the future Romeo was christened Ruggerio Eugenio di Rodolpho Columbo. The family, incidentally, traces its lineage back to the great Italian discoverer, for whom is claimed the relationship of a great-to-the-nth-degree-grandfather. Expediency soon cut the long name down to "Russ," although his mother and father to this day call him "Ruggerio Eugenio." It is a matter of ritual and superstition with them.

When Russ was five, his family moved to Philadelphia, where his father engaged in the private banking business. The bank was a small one in the Italian quarters of the city. In a tenement house next-door to the

bank lived one Antonio Laveri, a teacher of music, who had been in this country but a few years. In Rome, Laveri had been a famous voice and music teacher and it was to his garret quarters that Columbo, Sr., took his son for a musical education.

In short order Russ was playing a guitar that was almost as large as himself, and before the first twelve months of his instruction had been completed, the lad was singing the Italian operas with a display of talent that was unique for one of his immature years. Financial reverses and the death of two of his brothers compelled the Columbo family to return Westward, and this time they settled in the growing village of Hollywood. Russ's father went into the con-

(Continued on page 80)

By PAUL YAWITZ

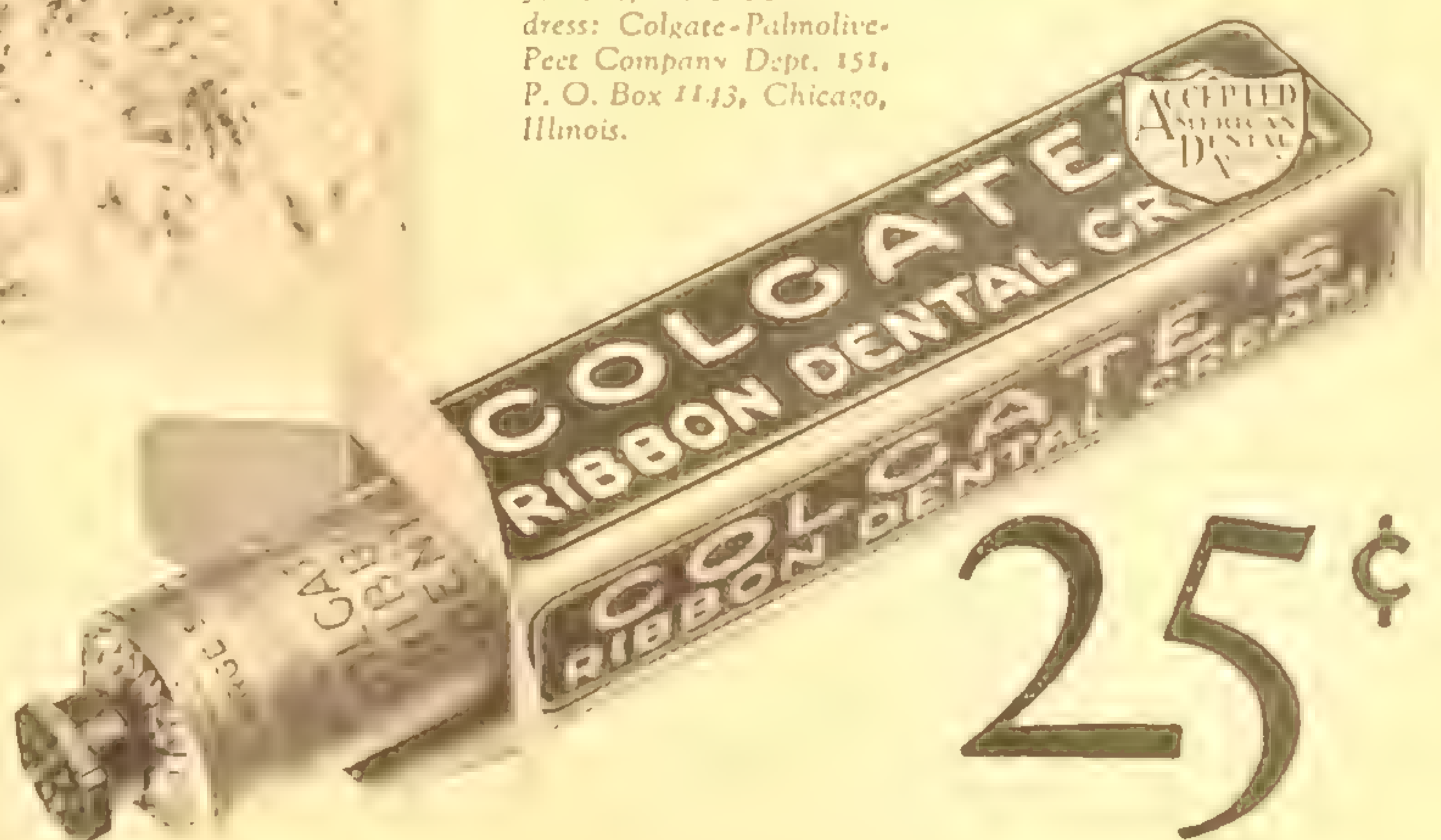
“Sure, I use Colgate’s! I like it . . . that’s why!”



She’s a good scout—my mother is! She’s going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin’ through Bailey’s fence. Ma believes in lettin’ a feller do things the way he *likes* to do ‘em. That’s why she buys me Colgate’s to brush my teeth with. I *like* it—that’s why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she’s doin’. Doctor Ellis told her there ain’t any toothpaste can beat Colgate’s for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An’ Ma says ‘cause Colgate’s only costs a quarter—mebbe she’s savin’ to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don’t have to bother about me brushin’ my teeth reg’lar—so I guess *she’s* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We’ll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company Dept. 151, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



25¢

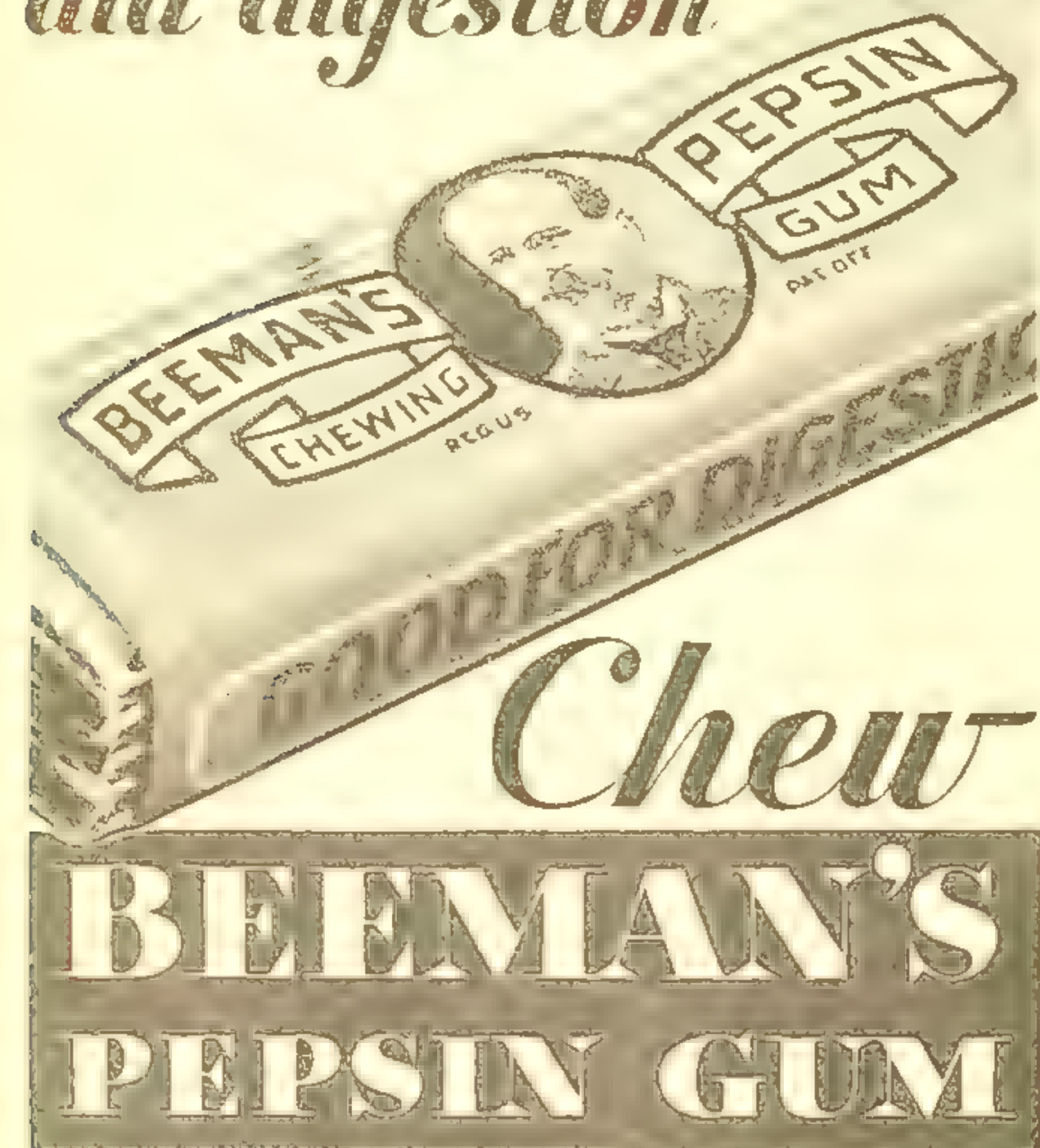


chosen Queen!

THEY called her names, they teased her and left her out of their games and class plays. "She is such an unattractive child" the teacher said . . . And then Alice's mother found a way to end the child's indigestion.

The difference is great between a smiling, healthy person and one who is handicapped by indigestion, but the cause may be slight. Often Beeman's Pepsin Gum will relieve the condition. Dr. Beeman had a great idea in putting pepsin in this gum. Chew it every day. The flavor is delicious.

Especially made to aid digestion



Who Are the NEW Garbos of the Screen?

(Continued from page 21)

in London, two years after her debut, was starred in three English pictures. She also made pictures in Germany, which may account for the rumor that she had "understudied" Marlene Dietrich in that country. This is not true. Sari has never done stage work and was better known as a film star in Europe than Marlene.

Sari (whose name is pronounced Shar-ee Mar-eet-za) says she does not want to do mysterious, exotic rôles in American pictures. She believes her *forte* to be light comedy, and her first Paramount picture, in which she will be featured, not starred, is likely to be "The Girl in the Headlines." This will offer little Maritza something of a Nancy Carroll rôle—the innocent little girl who is mistaken for a "lady with a past." She should be plenty interesting—even though Sari is a cinch not to cause Garbo a single haunted night.

The One Who's Most Like Garbo

AT Universal, they are equally anxious to preserve Tala Birell from the hatchets of those who insist there can be only one Garbo. According to Tala, herself, nothing will make her so miserable as to be compared to Garbo. But in spite of all that Universal or Tala can do, she is bound to evoke comparisons.

She is more of an authentic exotic than Sari Maritza. She is calm and quiet—which necessarily spells mystery to Hollywood. She is blonde, tall, willowy, unusual looking. She lives quietly with her sister and has never attended a Hollywood party—from natural choice. But such isolation is so definitely stamped a part of the Garbo legend that it will be difficult for Tala to deny that, in this at least, she is like Garbo.

At first glance, she is not beautiful—but her face is singularly fascinating. Her movements have an awkward grace. Her figure is commonly termed "boyish." (Incidentally, she is the first of all the foreign charmers to have the Garbo figure.) She seems shy and anxious to be agreeable and liked—one of the few ways in which she differs from Garbo.

She was born Natalie Bierl in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1908. Her family was in prosperous circumstances during the early years of her life and Natalie, or Tala, enjoyed the finest schooling available. Financial disaster overtook her father when Tala was about ten and, from then on, things were very hard for the little family. Her mother who, before her marriage to Mr. Bierl, was the Baroness Sahaydahowska of Poland, accepted any kind of work that would mean bread and a roof over the head of Tala and her sister. To this day, Tala's chief ambition is to make so much money in pictures that her mother can live in luxury for the rest of her life.

She became interested in the stage at the age of fifteen, and through her vocal teacher she managed to get an engagement in "Madame Pompadour." Max Reinhardt saw her in this small rôle and signed her immediately for the lead in "Es Liegt in der Luft" in Berlin. Her success was instantaneous and she alternated European stage productions with European films.

How Talented Tala Is

ALMOST a year ago she was engaged by Universal to come to America to make the German version of the picture "Boudoir Diplomat," and so intrigued were the Laemmles that she was given a long-term contract. For seven months Carl Laemmle, Jr., searched for a suitable screen story for her, while Tala perfected her English. After many plays and scenarios had been read, it was decided that Tala should make her starring debut before the American public in "Mountains in Flame." In this, she plays a peasant girl; but in "Nana," her second picture, she will play a worldly courtesan.

Tala Birell can't escape it—she *is* going to be compared to Garbo—but with a little fair play from the public, she should be an interesting addition to the field of exotics.

Lil Dagover, First National's contribution to the ranks of the exotics, is a more familiar figure to the American public, as her first starring picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," has been released for several months. It is the opinion of a great many critics that Dagover was innocently a pawn in a great studio's move to manufacture an alluring star to compete with Garbo.

Her first picture did not live up to any such expectation. Dagover seemed unnaturally repressed and her close-ups throughout the film seemed studiously similar to Greta's. As another Garbo she did not quite fill the bill. Yet a great many people believe that Dagover's second film venture in America will prove more successful. Even the studio who sponsored her is looking for a story more animated and more adapted to her individual talents.

Pola a Brunette Rival?

RKO heads its imported-glamour list with the name of Pola Negri, who's brunette, not blonde like Garbo. Strictly speaking, Pola is not a "new" exotic. In the days of silent pictures, she was a scarlet flame of interest in the movie world. But her studio feels that in the new, talking Pola a different and fascinating figure will take her place upon the screen. "You have never seen Negri until you hear her" is their boast. And so, because Pola offers a new angle on an old movie flame, she is included in this list of experimental exotics. Particularly since she has a voice almost as deep as Garbo's.

In "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO was suspected of trying to build Lily Damita into "another Garbo," but Lily just couldn't be anyone but her own spontaneous, gay self. Pola, however, *likes* tragic rôles.

Humorously enough, M-G-M finds itself holding a contract with a girl, who, by no conscious effort on the studio's part, threatens to develop into Garbo competition—Karen Morley. The moviegoers, themselves, have made an exotic of this American college girl who talks with such a deep, husky "Garbo" voice. Karen, too, is blonde and tall and built along the slender lines that Garbo has made famous.

It *would* be amusing if the real, honest-to-goodness Garbo "menace" were developed right under the nose of the home studio!

Did You Know That . . .

Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle of "Scarface" (see page 42), never wants to be a star—as stars can so seldom do a variety of rôles?

Randolph Scott (see page 29) is going to be developed into a Western hero, beginning with "Lone Cowboy"?

Rudy Vallee (see page 30) is planning to buy a home, himself, on the West Coast—and that this may mean he's interested in movies again?

Janet Gaynor, in every picture, wears for a moment or two the "lucky" brogues she wore in "Seventh Heaven"?

Try Seventeen Youth-tone
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick
... if you would

**BE SEVENTEEN
TONIGHT**



LIPSTICK

in the smooth-spreading texture, the youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.



ROUGE

in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purse ensemble of charm and distinction.



POWDER

that is radiantly different from ordinary powders! Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.



Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

THE most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations—based on a new ideal—to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose—to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour—the soft, natural tones—the subtle, elusive tints—are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle *Two-Tone*.)

Seventeen

Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth... rouge so artificial it can deceive no one... powder that often seems actually aging to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

—Your Chance to try Seventeen!

MAISON JEURELLE, Dept. 177, 247 Park Ave., New York
I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.



Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



is it PRIDE or DUTY?

HOW does he *really* feel when he takes you among his friends? . . . Proud of his youthful wife—or just doing his duty?

Wives often make the mistake of letting gray hair fade their looks . . . just *welcoming* Heartbreak Age!

Youth is precious. Hold it fast. Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—the new *scientific* way that leaves your hair beautifully lustrous and natural.

Washing, waving, sunning has no more effect on Notoxed hair than on nature's own coloring! Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. MC5, 33 West 46th Street, New York.

Inecto
Rapid **NOTOX**
Colors hair inside where nature does

The Meaning of Beauty

THE woman men call beautiful is the woman who radiates health and vitality.

Such women are popular with both sexes.

The desire to be healthy should be the dominating factor in every woman's life.



DR. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has helped countless women. It builds up the system, causes irregularities to diminish, and the regular use of this tonic has helped do away with monthly pains and those black circles under the eyes. Make your body healthy! Inward beauty is the most important of all.

For free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic (Dept. J), Buffalo, N. Y. Druggists sell

Dr. Pierce's Prescription

Hollywood Speaks Its Mind About Tallulah Bankhead

(Continued from page 26)

another to know her through every-day working hours. We made a picture together in the East, 'My Sin,' and while it wasn't a world-beater as a picture—it proved one thing very definitely. Tallulah is one swell scout to work with. She's never temperamental—except with important people. The 'props' and the cameramen swear by her."

A Certain Exclusive Photographer: "What eyes! What poise! What a mouth! What champagne! What a woman!"

Marie Dressler: "I haven't met her, my dear, but do tell me about her. Is she as original and interesting as I hear she is? Tell me at once all the witty and daring things she says. I assure you I am not too young to hear."

"She's What the Public Wants"

ERNST LUBITSCH, director: "She has color—she is different. So far the camera has not seen her best work. Her stories must be selected with the same care as are Garbo's and Dietrich's to do Miss Bankhead justice. But as a personality she is what the public wants right now—a smart, sophisticated woman."

Eileen Percy, former screen star and now a social columnist: "I haven't seen her around much. Not at parties, anyway. But she must be a real movie fan from all I've seen and heard. I've seen her at a couple of previews, myself. She sits off quietly in a dark corner, usually trying to get an uninterrupted puff on a cigarette before an usher catches her. She doesn't have much luck! Those ushers are really firemen in disguise—if you were to ask Tallulah."

We were all set to ask Marlene Dietrich her reaction to the startling woman who will divide Paramount queening honors with her, when someone tipped us off that Tallulah and Marlene weren't supposed to be so friendly. The story goes that they met at a big formal tea. Just because the girls didn't drawl over one another in a general breakdown of gushing flattery, the hint got around that things weren't so pink between them. Just a hint, you understand, but somehow we didn't stop Marlene to ask her about Tallulah.

William Haines: "She's renting my Hollywood house, and all I can say is that she is one grand tenant. I've met her only once in one of those landlord-tenant sessions to see that everything about the house was all right. They tell me she likes my house so well she doesn't like to go out to parties, but wants her friends to come to her. I'm glad she likes the place—it's flattering. She strikes me as a person of rare good taste."

Why Dot Wants to Know Her

DOROTHY MACKAILL: "If she put dear old London on its ear the way I've read she did, she must be glorious. I'd like to know her."

"Sunshine" Duncan, hostess at the Embassy Club: "You could have knocked me over with a feather the first day she came up here. I don't know what I had expected from Tallulah Bankhead—but, anyway, she wasn't it. She came in late with her manager and took an inconspicuous table off in a

corner. I suppose I expected the sensational Tallulah to talk in a hoarse voice that could be heard all over the room—but she was the quietest and most inconspicuous luncheon we've had in many a day. She wore a plain suit and a little hat pulled down over her head. And she ate a real honest-to-goodness non-diet meal. I don't believe her figure is as thin as most of our Hollywood stars, but she seems to enjoy herself a little more—at least, at lunch time."

Joan Crawford: "Douglas has known Tallulah for years and years. We came out on the train with her. She's one grand traveling companion. We all laughed until we ached. Of course, Hollywood is terribly on tiptoe about Tallulah—and the funny part of it is Tallulah is just as interested about Hollywood. She wanted to know all there was to know about Greta Garbo and Jackie Cooper. Her two screen favorites reveal as much as anything the extremes in Tallulah's make-up. Greta and Jackie are her favorite stars."

One of Gable's Regrets

CLARK GABLE: "Of course, I would enjoy playing opposite her—though it isn't very likely that anything like that could happen, due to contracts and things. But the time will never come that I wouldn't enjoy making a picture with a star as interesting as Miss Bankhead. I've seen one of her pictures."

Lupe Velez: "Me? I thought Lupe would bust when she read that thees Miss Bankhead say Garee Cooper ees too meek as a loffer. She mus' have sense of humor like Lupe's."

Josef von Sternberg, director: "Her screen stories have not been particularly good so far. It is difficult to judge her as an actress."

Mary Brian: "I've seen her several times about Hollywood—at lunch or at the theatre—and I think her fascinating, really. She seems to be one of those persons that other women just love to look at. Her clothes are awfully smart and in such good taste. Personally, I know that when Miss Bankhead is around I hate to take my eyes off her lest she should do something startling when I'm not looking. But so far she has been the quietest and most dignified person present."

Ina Claire: "There's no one quite like Tallulah. You never know what she is going to say or do. I had tea with her soon after she arrived in Hollywood. She was reading a play when I arrived. 'Here, Ina,' she said, 'here is a play written for me. I can never do a play written for me. You would be grand in it.'"

Louella Parsons, famous movie columnist: "The Hollywood writers should certainly be grateful for Tallulah. She will furnish them a world of color. And Hollywood does need color. Imagine the hostess at a tea party calmly lying down on the divan and taking a nap in the midst of the festivities! Tallulah did just that—not because she wanted to show off or be different—but because Tallulah always does just what she wants to do when she wants to do it. Personally, I'm for Tallulah—and color!"

Did You Know That . . .

Tallulah Bankhead denied she was engaged to Joel McCrea by saying: "Ridiculous! I've met the man only once!"

Elissa Landi's third novel, "House for Sale," has just come off the presses?

Joan Blondell, newly starred by Warner Brothers, lost ten pounds in two weeks—and had to take a vacation?

Stars are being forbidden to pose for photographs in luxurious settings, times being what they are?

ISN'T IT A SHAME?

Isn't it a shame that a girl so attractive, so charming, so intelligent, should miss the better things of life—romance, marriage, the companionship of others? And all because of one little fault. One little fault she doesn't realize. One little fault which looms big—and unforgivable—to others. And isn't it a shame that there are thousands—nay, tens of thousands—who put themselves in her class by the same unpardonable oversight . . . ?

There are two social faults which no one forgives.

The most common is halitosis (unpleasant breath). Less frequent is perspiration odor.

Of both the victim is unaware. Both yield readily to Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic, the *sure* deodorant.

Every morning and every night, use Listerine as a gargle. It gets rid of halitosis. Ninety percent of all breath odors are caused by bits of fermenting

food in the mouth. Listerine immediately halts fermentation and then gets rid of the odors themselves. Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 4 days.

Perspiration odor is the result of a complex chemical action. No mere soap and water will remove it. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. The same deodorant properties that established its success against halitosis, render it effective against this condition.

Isn't it foolish to risk social disfavor when you have a safe, pleasant, and effective preventive in Listerine?

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. 5, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



THE SUREST DEODORANT
LISTERINE

FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(Continued from page 43)



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

"gangsters." In fact, such hoodlums are only small pawns in a great game. When they "rub someone out," they are merely acting on orders from higher-ups. Racketeering and gangdom couldn't exist for a minute if police and other officials were all honest. The fact that it does exist unhindered means that gangster money has been "split" in bribes. Protection is sold—by someone in political power. And in this case the crooked politician is just as much a racketeer and gangster as Capone, the late "Legs" Diamond or the late Vincent Coll. (By the way, the shooting of innocent children, for which Coll was tried, is also mentioned in this picture.)

No wonder the underworld didn't want "Scarface" shown to an already outraged citizenry just at the time when Judge Seabury was "putting on the heat"!

When the word went out that "Scarface" was to be stopped, gangdom immediately decided its strongest weapon was—CENSORSHIP. In every state where it exists, censorship is a political matter. Censors are politicians, appointed by politicians, doing the bidding of politicians. And it has been proved—not only in New York, but in other cities—that gangdom can often get to politicians.

The word was mysteriously passed along to United Artists, which was to release the picture, and to the office of Will H. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., that "Scarface" must not be shown in its original form. The career of Al Capone was too touchy a matter to tamper with.

What Capone, Himself, Said

IF you think it is a far-fetched idea that gangdom was worried, you have only to refer to two interviews given out by Al Capone in person—one to the International News Service, and one to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., which was published in *Liberty*.

"I think these gangster pictures should be stopped," said Capone. "They are bad for the kiddies."

Now here comes the strangest situation of all, and one which is probably the blackest mark against censorship.

At the time he was in Hollywood for the Academy banquet, promising in a speech directed to Vice-President Charles Curtis that "motion pictures will carry the flag," Mr. Hays asked Howard Hughes to show him a print of "Scarface," as there had been agitation about it.

After seeing it, Mr. Hays advised Hughes that the picture must be "changed" and "toned down." The title "Scarface" must absolutely be dropped.

In vain did Hughes point out that every gangster picture for a year had been passed, including some sentimental and sloppy ones, making gangsters romantic figures. "The Doorway To Hell," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy," "The Star Witness," "The Finger Points," "The Vice Squad"—you could name a score more—all were passed.

That "Scarface" was so much more honest and forceful, than any of them seemed to make no difference. It was contended that showing "Scarface" might cause censorship and political trouble, and opposition from women's clubs. Information had been received that "Scarface" in its present form would not be passed by the New York censors. Why? The only explanation seems to be that "the word" had gone out. The public mind must not be inflamed against

gangsters and corrupt government any further, at this crucial political time.

A Challenge to You

THE foreword that appeared on the film was a direct challenge to the public. It read:

"This picture is an indictment of gang rule in America and of the callous indifference of the government to this constantly increasing menace to our safety and our liberty.

"Every incident in this picture is the reproduction of an actual occurrence, and the purpose of this picture is to demand of the government: 'What are you going to do about it?'"

"The government is your government. What are YOU going to do about it?"

This, of course, might be an uncomfortable question to have the voters answer.

Mr. Hays insisted that various shooting scenes should be eliminated from the picture, and wanted a new foreword, advocating a law against carrying guns—a weak gesture at best, compared to the above strong appeal. The picture was to be changed, its teeth were to be pulled—it was to be a compromise that it might get by the censors. The censors, who operate in only a few states, would not be fought.

Hughes had already spent six hundred thousand dollars in making the picture, and he wanted to get it back, with a profit. To get the picture widely released, he spent nearly a hundred thousand dollars more in making the changes recommended. He hated to spend the extra money, but much more unwillingly, he made the changes.

A foreword advocating anti-gun legislation was substituted. Many of the strongest scenes were eliminated, including the St. Valentine's Day massacre, and the end in which *Scarface*, trapped in his fortified apartment, is finally blasted out by tear gas bombs to meet a violent end.

How Scarface Was To End

A NEW ending was insisted upon—one in which *Scarface* was to be politely but firmly arrested, tried in a long trial, found guilty, sentenced, and then majestically taken off to be hanged.

Hughes objected to this on the ground that no gangster of note has been hanged, and very few imprisoned—Al Capone was put in jail because he failed to make an income tax return on his racketeering millions. The upshot of it all was that Hughes made the new ending. He injected scenes in which officials made speeches on law and order.

It was suggested that the title "Scarface," be changed to some lofty and highly inspirational title—one that would camouflage the fact that this was a gangster picture, thus getting it by the censors.

After many conferences, it was agreed to use the title, "The Shame of a Nation." Hughes couldn't stomach this, and, being honest and not liking to wiggle around corners, wanted to keep some semblance of the "Scarface" title. He suggested "The Scar." Then the opposing faction objected, and the title became "The Scar on the Nation."

Col. Jason Joy, a member of the Hays organization in Hollywood, went East, at Hughes' expense, with a print of the amended picture. Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York wrote a strong indorsement of the picture, which was incorporated in the film.

(Continued on page 67)

Her Loveliness

WILL LAUGH AT THE PASSING YEARS

For her Hollywood dermatologist has given
her the secret of lasting complexion beauty

A new movie star is rising . . . Sally Blane. Thinking of her future, Sally asked the most prominent dermatologist in Hollywood

"What should I use on my skin to keep it young? What do you tell the stars to do to keep from getting old-looking?"

He said: "Use the most scientific cream . . . the stars say it is the beauty care you want to give your skin."

"I use it . . . 2 or 3 times a day . . . use Woodbury's Cold Cream to smooth and soften your skin. It is a cream that protects your skin from wind, sun and dirt. It also gives the skin resilience to resist wrinkles. Most skins *shrink* into lines because they are dry. Woodbury's Cold Cream keeps the skin full and firm and supple."

"And, also, you should use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream, as a foundation for powder, and as a protective cream before going outdoors. It prevents dust and powder from entering the pores, and shields your skin from the drying effects of wind and sun."

How old are you? 20? Then use Woodbury's Creams to preserve the soft freshness of your skin. 30? 40? Then begin at once to use Woodbury's Creams, to put back into your skin the rich oils which keep it from shrivelling into lines.

Buy Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . and also the other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness.



SALLY BLANE . . . the most beautiful woman in Hollywood . . . says: "I use Woodbury's Creams."



Woodbury's
COLD CREAM • FACIAL CREAM

AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

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I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness". For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐ Flabby Skin ☐
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For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

Name

City

See! Now I Can REMOVE HAIR twice as easy



"Now—I can stand the public gaze." Can you?

Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—shortens the time needed. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, clean and smooth as satin. Many users claim lessened hair growth. The whiteness and mild, pleasant fragrance of Delatone Cream appeal instantly. Made by a patented formula owned and used exclusively by us. Ask for and insist on having

DELA-TONIE

The White Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes, 50c and \$1. Delatone Powder, \$1 jars only. At drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, (Est. 1908) Dept. 75 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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Dept. 75 Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me absolutely free in plain wrapper generous trial tube of Delatone Cream.

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Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

(Continued from page 44)

weather. She has felt it because she is, in spite of her huge practical streak, an artist, with an artist's sensitivity.

"Too much goes into your performance in pictures that you're not responsible for," she explained. "Rhythm, timing, spacing—the things that make up a good stage performance—they are all done for you by other people, cutters, sound engineers, a host of others. I think that anything even bordering on the creative has to be the product of one brain." She flashed a smile that mocked the serious words and added: "That's why I'm jittery with it all."

About Her Writing

SHE is jittery with the Hollywood factory system and perhaps that, also, has something to do with her new twist of ambition—her urge to express herself in a medium that is unhampered—her desire to write.

Ann Harding is not presumptuous enough to talk about her first efforts at writing fiction. She does not think they are good enough to talk about. But she admitted that she has always wanted to write. She is writing for the first time now because it is the first time she has had the time. She is working hard at the self-imposed job—harder than the average cub reporter on a newspaper. Writing a lot, tearing up a lot that she has written. There have been so many stories in her life—so many interesting things have happened to her and others she knows. But it is not always easy to turn the vivid recollections of the past into smooth, easy prose—and nothing less will satisfy this amateur craftsman.

Ann has a guide in her work, a young woman who was formerly with a New York publishing house. She is also Ann's secretary. She reads her work and criticizes it. Nobody else—not even Harry C. Bannister, the actor-husband who is so near to her in everything else—ever sees a line of what may be announced some day as a first novel by Ann Harding.

As a child, she felt this urge to write; it was her first conscious form of self-expression. Then she was sidetracked into the theatre—an amazing story. A story of how Dorothy Gatley, working as a stenographer for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, fed up on her job, crashed the gate of the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village. From then on Dorothy Gatley, stenographer, was Ann Harding, a Broadway star. Beginning with "Tarnished," through "The Trial of Mary Dugan," she shot from one triumph to another till she had gained an eminence in her craft that made her eligible for a fat contract in the movies.

And the movies have disillusioned her, sickened her, made her regret she ever entered them. Now she has to reconstruct her world—the world she knew as a stage artist, the world the movies have destroyed for her.

Guesses She's Temperamental

"I **CONSIDER** myself through with 'moom pictures' even now," she told me with a smile, the frankly cheerful smile that makes her such good company on the screen. "I'm temperamental, Mr. Ryan. I thought they were paying me for something more than just a face to photograph and a voice to register. But if that's all they will take, that's all I can give them. That's being temperamental, I guess, isn't it?"

"Sounds like good sense to me."

"Not in the 'moom pictures'." She leaned forward earnestly. "Won't you please absolve me from blame for the pictures in which I appear? I have no voice in the selection of stories. And when it comes to the making, the same holds true."

Then she confessed to an unusual thing. This high-salaried star, who admits she likes to take breakfast in bed, begged her producers to let her make two pictures a year instead of four and make them twice as good and take half, instead of her full salary. They merely laughed. They refused her a voice in the treatment of "Prestige," she said, and—"just locked me up and brought me out when they were ready to shoot."

She wanted badly to make "The Road to Rome," the successful stage satire that the studio had purchased at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. No. For some inscrutable reason this part, cut exactly to the Harding measure, was refused her. They doubted that they would make "The Road to Rome." She believes the studio officials thought it was over the heads of the public.

"But I think public taste is definitely underrated," she defended. "I think 'Holiday' proved this. Here was a picture of subtlety, abstract ideas, sophisticated conversation—something of much higher calibre than is usually turned out, and it was a success."

But it was Ann Harding who fought for the version of this successful movie that finally reached the screen—the version that preserved the feeling of the stage play.

She's Through Fighting Now

THE difficulty in pictures, when you have a fine thing, is its translation. A fine thing has to be well done or it's worse than something not so good. I learned my lesson in 'Prestige.' I worked like a dog, digging, digging, trying to do better work because the vehicle was weak, trying to lift it. But I found that material can be so impossible to do anything with that the harder you work the worse you make it."

So she is done with fighting. She will do the best she can, the best they will let her do, and not kick. Oh yes, she had made a lot of money in pictures—and she could make a lot more. This house that she dreamed out with her husband, Harry Bannister—it was made possible with picture money. Their own miniature theatre, the servants, the foreign nurses for little Jane—these were all made possible by Hollywood gold. But Ann is willing to give them up. More than willing—eager. She wants to write. She is writing. That is her sideline. She is still an actress and hopes to go on till she is playing old women on the stage.

"But I am looking forward now"—her face with the pointed chin showed the eagerness of a child—"I am looking forward, not to the next thing in pictures, but the next thing after pictures. I want to go back to the theatre. You can't get away from the theatre. It does things to audiences!"

"I'd like to go back to the Provincetown Theatre as it was in Greenwich Village. Lots of dirt and lots of coffee drunk during the arguments in the little room upstairs—but lots of fun and—something accomplished. I would be happy to go back to play in Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre, a little place in what used to be an old mill. Anything but the commercial—"

(Continued on page 66)

"I deplore the false modesty that would hide vital feminine health facts"

"IT SHOULD BE EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO SECURE, WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT, THE TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE.

"As a physician, and as a woman, I have little sympathy for the prudish viewpoint that taboos honest discussion of feminine antisepsis.

"No longer should this subject remain shrouded in a veil of pettifogging shyness and reticence.

"Fortunately, most modern married women are beginning to demand the facts. They consider it their right to know the safeguards that protect feminine charm.

"It is important that a personal antiseptic should have real germicidal value, while still serving as a soothing lubricant to delicate tissue. Many of the so-called feminine hygiene solutions fall short in one or the other of these respects. Either they irritate and harden tender membranes, or they become ineffective in contact with organic matter.

"In my long professional practice, I have found "Lysol" disinfectant most effective for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" does not lose its germicidal action in the presence of organic matter. With its low surface tension, it searches out and destroys undesirable bacteria lurking in hidden crevices which other antiseptics fail to reach. It is always uniform . . . retaining its strength no matter where, or how long you keep it. It is economical . . . a little goes a long way. And it is safe . . . so soothing that the obstetricians of France use it freely in the delicate ministrations of childbirth.

"These are facts I have verified as a physician. And I am glad to have them published here in the interest of feminine health and welfare."

(Signed)

Dr. GEORGE FABRE



Illustration by H. H. H. H.

Madame Docteur George Fabre, one of the most prominent gynecologists in France; Member of the French Academy of Medicine (Académie de Médecine), Paris; General Secretary French-English-American League Against Cancer (Ligue Française contre le Cancer); Member of the Legion of Honor (Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur).

Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

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Ribs
count...

In the fashion picture. Of course, you don't have to be so thin that your ribs can actually *be counted*—but your foundation garment must restrain your diaphragm flesh to give a "scooped-out" effect below the bust. MisSimplicity's famous cross-over straps create a diagonal pull that raises the bust, nips-in the waist, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

The MisSimplicity photographed is of Skinner's peach satin and hand-loomed elastic, with the bust section and flounce of fine lace. Model 9676.

MisSimplicity*

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Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

(Continued from page 64)

"But wouldn't it be commercial now—as soon as Ann Harding's name went up in lights?"

"I'd wear a wig if necessary—change my name!" Her eyes expanded—amazingly. Practical Ann Harding was the artist now, explaining her second great ambition, telling her plans to take out a company and tour the provinces with Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" and "Holiday" by Philip Barry. "They're starving for flesh-and-blood actors," she went on. "I know it. The audiences all over the country, in the lesser cities, country towns, everywhere—they'll welcome the stage back again.

"No ermine!" she exclaimed, with a wide, glowing gesture. "No foils, no Paris gowns. No movie spotlight. No X-ray publicity. Dignity, harmony—the pleasure of doing a job you like quietly and the best you can. That's what I hope to do."

"When?"

"Let's see. Oh, it's pretty far off," she sighed. "Till May first, 1933—if they don't take up my option... And it's so much money I don't think they will. They'll come to me and say, 'In view of the so and so and so and so, you'll have to take a cut, Miss Harding...'"

Suddenly she was on her feet, waving a gleeful farewell to an imaginary movie magnate.

"Good-bye! You play in your yard—I'm going to have fun!"

So Ann Harding really has two secrets. And strangely enough, for so practical a creature, they are both on the anti-practical side.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 24)

THE former Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, looking much thinner and very smart, walked into the Embassy Club the other noon with a handsome gentleman in tow. What most amused the nearby lunchers was the close resemblance of this unknown escort to her former husband.

Lawrence Tibbett has just recently married a woman who is startlingly like his first wife.

The Tibbetts know their "type."

ETHEL Clayton filed suit for divorce against Ian Keith and politely charged "cruelty"—always a very nice, vague complaint.

But Ian upset the apple-cart by being very frank with the newspaper boys who interviewed him in his dressing-room between acts of the stage play, "Grand Hotel."

"What really fretted Ethel," said Ian graphically, "was my continual, confounded drinking!"

JUST out of curiosity, Will Rogers decided to drop into the city jail and visit Al Capone during his (Will's) recent stop-over in Chicago. Will wanted to keep his visit a secret, but like all good celebrity-secrets it landed on the front page of the newspapers all over the country.

A great many small-town newspapers resented Will's visit to the notorious gangster and wrote stinging editorials about a man of Will's public influence even "dropping in" on Uncle Sam's largest income-dodger.

THIS month's news includes a good-sized rumor that all is not well between the Clark Gables, and just to show you how

rumors get started, this one cropped up at a Hollywood party when a fortune-telling lady spoke up with the "psychic information" that the Gables had quarreled the previous Sunday.

Such an "authentic" tip as this started hundreds of telephone calls to the M-G-M studio, where the publicity department was a hot time trying to quiet the suspicious press. That's Hollywood for you.

SPEAKING of the trials and tribulations of M-G-M, the publicity boys had their faces red trying to keep people from accepting Eddie Goulding's invitation to "come over and watch Garbo work" during the shooting of "Grand Hotel." Goulding, the director, treated Garbo just as he did the other "big shots" in the picture, and if the newspaper folk could come over and watch Crawford and the two Barrymores and Wally Beery—why not Garbo? He handed out invitations to the Garbo scenes right and left—but the press people know Greta better than Eddie does! None of the bids was accepted.

(Continued on page 69)

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(Continued from page 62)

Despite this, the censors did not even look at the picture. The word had gone out that it was not to be passed in the face of Judge Seabury's exposé of corruption. Col. Joy returned to Hollywood with the print of the picture and it was further suggested that some more of its teeth be pulled and as a result, it was further "toned down."

In mid-February it was finally shown to one of the New York censors, and he turned down the picture in its entirety, even with all the censor-appeasing changes.

As it happened, this was a break for the picture-goers of the rest of the country!

Howard Hughes got fighting mad. He ordered the picture restored to its original state, and the original title, "Scarface," returned. He announced to the world that, despite all gangland opposition, he was going to show the picture everywhere in the United States where gangsters and corrupt political forces didn't rule. He pointed out that in Los Angeles the picture had been praised to the skies by the Crime Commission, by Chief of Police Roy Steckel, District Attorney Buron Fitts, police-women, clubwomen, and prominent criminologists, all of whom had indorsed it in letters sent to the Hays office!

This picture has been held up six months by "interests" that feared its effect on the public. In these six months, hundreds of outrages have been committed by gangsters. Even Colonel Lindbergh had to deal with the underworld in the effort to recover his stolen child. Already the heavy hand of gangdom has been laid upon business. Shall the movies also be forced to make deals with gangland?

"Scarface" will be shown in independent theatres throughout the states that lack censorship boards—states where politicians cannot interfere. It will be shown elsewhere—if the public demands it.

Make no mistake about it—there will be further trouble over "Scarface." Rumblings have already been heard in Chicago. In gang centers throughout the country there will be opposition. The battle is only half-won. You, the theatre-goer, must now do your part. As the foreword to the picture points out:

"The government is your government. What are you going to do about it?"

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HER?



• MAYBE THAT'S TOO MUCH •

THIS girl's husband looks at her with dismay. He thinks she's a sad caricature of her former self. He remembers her fresh good looks. And what's become of her pretty spirited ways, her gayety and energy?

Yes, she is a dreary creature! Just her fretful mouth tells her story. Tired and cross from morning to night. Even cosmetics can't conceal the state of her skin, dull and brown-spotted and blemished.

Yet the remedy is simple. For she's merely one of the thousands of women suffering from a lack of *internal cleanliness*. And what she needs is to keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica promptly clears away accumulations of intestinal waste, from which health and beauty-destroying poisons are absorbed into the blood.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink the saline waters daily.

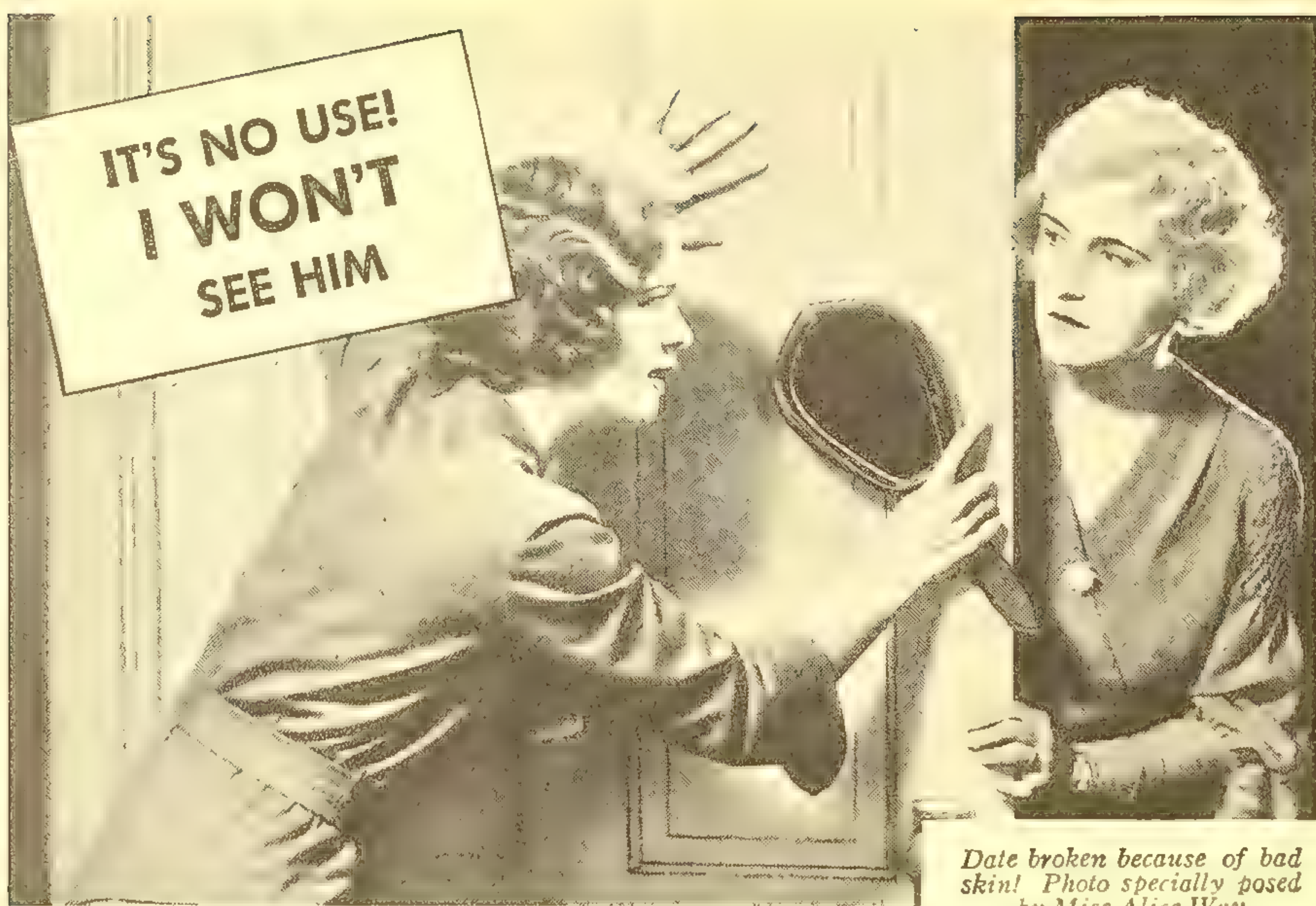
Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, provides you with similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills. Get a bottle today!

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71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



So ashamed of her Poor Complexion *she locked herself in her room!*

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "beer yeast"

—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

Leo Carrillo—an Hombre After Your Own Heart

(Continued from page 41)

powerful Bandini family, sprung from Juan José Bandini, an Italian adventurer who landed near San Diego in the early Eighteenth Century. The Rancho Juahome, a part of their holdings, was the locale of Peter B. Kyne's story, "The Pride of Palomar." It was here also that Colonel Coutts of Stockton's forces met and married the Bandini girl who, with her own hands, fashioned the first American flag ever to fly in California.

"A simple people, those old pioneer *dons*," smiles Don Leo, "and they were like children in the hands of the shrewd *gringos*. They did not understand finance. When debts or taxes came due, they snipped off a few thousand acres of land to pay, as you and I snip coupons. Once my family owned millions of acres—and where is it now? Don Carlos Antonio once traded the island of Santa Rosa for eighteen hundred head of wild cattle, and we sold the Coronado Peninsula, now worth millions, for one thousand dollars, in gold! The vast acres and the great *haciendas* are gone but, at least, by my efforts to please Señor Gringo on the screen and stage, we have a little slice which was once ours—El Ranchito de Los Allisos ('The Little Ranch of the Sycamores')."

"The Little Ranch of The Sycamores" lies in beautiful Santa Monica canyon. Upon it Don Leo plans to build a *hacienda* amid the trees and flowers that are native to the soil. There he romped as a boy while his father served as Santa Monica's first mayor; on a great sycamore tree can be traced the initials he whittled there, many years ago. From the site of his *hacienda*, he can look out upon the thousands of rich acres that once belonged to the ancestors whose clay has mingled with the earth upon which the *gringo* has built his apartments and his estates. There also, Don Leo has a great barbecue pit and as each of his pictures is completed, the entire company, from featured players to scene-shifters is invited to make *fiesta* with him.

His Own Early History

DON LEO was born on Alleso Street near the Los Angeles plaza. His father and mother were married in the "Little Church of the Angels," where so many famous marriages of Los Angeles' younger days were performed. Finishing school, he worked as a laborer for the Southern Pacific to save the money necessary for the art education that was the goal of his ambitions at that time. Later, going to San Francisco, he secured a berth on the *Examiner* as a roving cartoonist and reporter. His beat was the infamous "Barbary Coast," where he rubbed elbows with the outcasts of the Seven Seas and formed the human contacts that are the basis of his inimitable screen characterizations. With him on the *Examiner* at that time, worked Harrison Fisher (now a famous magazine cover artist) "Bud" Fisher (creator of *Mutt and Jeff*), "Tad" (the late sports cartoonist), Merle Johnson (cartoonist-father of Judith Wood, who was born Helen Johnson), and Ashton Stevens, famous drama critic. It was through Stevens that he later became an intimate of O. Henry.

Carrillo's clowning among his cronies brought him an offer of an Orpheum engagement, and young Leo embarked on a stage career. By slow degrees he worked his way into New York and eventually to a leading place on Broadway. "Hell Bound," his first feature picture, was a sensation. In this, he introduced a type of gangster new to

screen audiences. "True to life?" he lifts an eloquent eyebrow. "And why not? The character was taken directly from a very dear friend of mine, 'Big Jim' Colosimo of Chicago."

In "Lasca of The Rio Grande," "Homicide Squad" and as the swaggering *Tostado* of "Girl of the Rio," he further enhanced his screen popularity. In "The Broken Wing," just completed, he gives a performance that will make him one of the screen's finest character actors. A far cry from his first New York vaudeville engagement, when he proudly wrote home that he was so popular that the manager made him give three shows every day!

Meet His Guardian

A PICTURE of Don Leo without his ancient and devoted Chinese servant, Ling, would be incomplete. Ling is more than a servant. It is he who sees that Don Leo does not have two spoons of sugar in his tea when the doctor says but one. In every one of Don Leo's pictures, Ling is given a small part. Once on the set, Don Leo introduced the old Chinaman to a distinguished lady visitor.

"Ling," said Don Leo proudly, "has been with me twenty years."

"Humph!" growled Ling, turning away, "too d— long too!"

A strange combination of Latin romanticism and Yankee practicality, Don Leo retains the courtly grace for which the true *hidalgo* is famous, but can drive a bargain with the shrewdness of a *gringo* profiteer. Near the borders of "El Ranchito de los Allisos" he led me to a small, white-walled plot marked by three simple headstones.

"Here lies the tragedy of my race," he said simply. "On this plot, long before the *gringo* came, these people built their home of adobe. Around them on these hills grazed their thousands of cattle and the land was theirs as far as the eye could reach. You can yet see where the walls of their *hacienda* stood. In this corner is the grave of the last owner of those vast acres. It is in exactly the spot where sat the bed upon which he was born. He and the house he built have both returned to the earth from which they sprang while the *gringo* has built a great city around them. There is the romance and the tragedy of old California."

The old California that could produce a Leo Carrillo—a gay caballero, an adventurer in the field of dramatics!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 67)

JUNIOR Laemmle is sending Constance Cummings "beeg" red roses all the way from New York!

MARIAN Marsh is stepping gracefully back to featured rôles after two starring pictures for Warner Brothers. Marian was the first to agree with her studio that stardom should come after a gradual rise, built upon experience. Under Marian's softly waved coiffure is one of the keenest picture brains we've ever encountered in a Hollywood ingénue.

WONDER what's happening to little Sari Maritza over at Paramount?

When the news leaked out that Sari was not to do the picture originally scheduled for her American debut, the tongues flew fast that her tests had not turned out satisfactorily. This story is a little far-fetched for even the most gossip-loving to believe. After all, the Paramount officials saw many of Sari's European-made productions before she was signed to a Hollywood contract and

(Continued on page 71)

How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, *safe* beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!



This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others, you will win!



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty soap, Camay, touch your skin.



Here it is—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy... luxurious, gentle, safe for your precious skin!

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Wrinkled
ankles,
snaky
seams—

you
needn't
have
them

Save ELASTICITY —it makes stockings *fit*

Those dowdy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel... seams that ride around... do you know why they happen?

WHEN your stockings are *new*, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are *elastic*. They *give*, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is *lost*—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams

are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads *break*. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering *fit*, and makes even sheer ones *wear*.

LUX
preserves stocking
E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



LUX
Lovely Hands
Lux in the DISHPAN
gives your hands beauty
care for only 1¢ a day.

Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals His Secret

(Continued from page 25)

way of thinking, the future doesn't take care of the present, and tomorrow is something else again. That is why he will take a long chance for a big thing.

He is really a tolerant, understanding young man beneath the surface. Aroused, he is apt to be very quarrelsome. And when thoroughly angry he has the strength of three men. He also hasn't the best of self-control on occasion. His lips bear witness to that. But, if possible, he prefers to ignore unpleasant things.

According to the shape of his eyes, he is fond of "kidding." What a plague he must have been to the little girls of his school days! He is the type that gets a big "bang" out of shocking people. Not malicious, he thoroughly enjoys telling tall tales to watch the results. It is because he craves change and excitement.

He possesses a short nose, denoting inquisitiveness and excitability. And how he loves children, dogs and cats and all pets! He might push them around and bully them slightly when you are looking, but without an audience he has a great time. He is so boyish himself, he's a bit ashamed of being too "softy."

Hard to Fool Him Twice

HE has real native cleverness, not the schooled variety. It comes, instead, from experience in life. Beneath that charming Irish exterior there is a sober, practical mind. Bitten once, he is never bitten again. He doesn't forget hurts easily. Anything that seriously affects his life is very vital to him. That is more of the James Dunn beneath the surface.

Religion with him is not necessarily demonstrative, but he has a real respect for tradition and the deep-rooted conventions. So natural are these feelings with him that he probably doesn't know they exist. His ears confirm this type of mind. He is not the sort to go in for "odd ideas." He will stick by the conventional code. He has much originality, but it is all confined to mannerisms, gestures, mode of speech and whimsies. His inner nature is based on a solid, clean foundation.

But don't think from this that he is prudish. Rather, let us say that he tends more to the risqué. But there is nothing foreign or perverted about his sense of humor. It's straight from the shoulder. Rather than naughty, he is what is known as "downright mischievous."

Indeed, this rising young star enjoys his prankish moods—and with those who don't understand him he is apt to be misjudged. Bubbling over with animal spirits he takes keen delight in carrying out a joke on someone—though never in a mean, malicious way. His humor can be labeled under the head of "good, clean fun."

James Dunn has many possibilities. All of his facial features indicate his care for a good performance and a love for his public. He also knows the value of hard work. Just like anybody else, he might prefer to let things slide by—he really would, you know—but he has been schooled by experience and he is far too shrewd in his gamin-like way to let his chances go by. He knows that only merit lasts. Therefore he would gladly give a dollar's worth of performance for every fifty cents paid, because it's his best investment.

But he hasn't begun to make the most of himself. Frankly speaking, he has had enough quiet communion with his inner thoughts to realize his possibilities. He is a young man in the making—mischievous, fun-loving, serious—is Mrs. Dunn's bad boy, Jimmy.



James Dunn—Profile View

Profile. Mixed type. Thinks a good deal faster than he speaks. His thoughts generally are far past his speech, therefore he never fully explains what he is really thinking.

Forehead. Strongly perceptive. Learns by watching. Never forgets the smallest injury, but doesn't let you know visibly.

Brows. Resolute.

Nose. Good reasoning ability. Very careful about things when they affect his life. Thoughtful when alone.

Back of Head. Hasn't much faith in promises. Doesn't expect people to live up to their highest principles. Considers them pretty back-sliding when it comes to helping. Wants results quickly—here and now. Tomorrow will take care of itself.

Front—ear to nose. Has an intense interest in almost everything and anything. Learns that way. Has very good judgment because he is capable of such good observation.

Jaw. Aggressive. Impulsive. Loving. Not very animal. Perverse in temperament. Likes change and action.

Entire lower profile. Is strongly religious by nature but not necessarily a demonstrative churchgoer. Hates to admit his real feelings, anyhow, and would rather tell you an entirely different story from what he knows to be the truth. Has an intense love of life and people.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 69)

she must have been found quite up to par. Paramount is probably scouting for just exactly the proper vehicle for her!

In the meantime, Harrison (dat ol'devil reporter) Carroll says: "Jack Oakie and Sari Maritza still look at things through the same eyes."

MARLENE Dietrich went to all sorts of trouble to rent one of Bebe Daniels' beach houses for the summer without the news getting in the newspapers. Reasons: Marlene is beginning to have the same worries that have afflicted Garbo—strange people hiding in the shrubs and hedges
(Continued on page 78)

WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs? Nobody! Why do it?

**USE
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
INSTEAD!**

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

CAN you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn't any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

Much more healthful

If a soiled handkerchief is unpleasant to wash, think how dangerous it is to *use*! Soiled, germ-laden...any doctor would tell you to keep it from your face.

Nor should a dirty handkerchief be stowed away in clothing or laundry bags. It is fit only to be destroyed...and that is just what happens, when you use Kleenex. You use a tissue once, then destroy. Germs are destroyed. Each time, you select a fresh, clean, safe tissue.

For removing face creams

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery. Motorists like to keep a package in the car.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Regular 50c size now 35c

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES
Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!



KLEENEX COMPANY
Lake Michigan Building
Chicago, Illinois



Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 100 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

The Life Story of a DANGEROUS Man

(Continued from page 52)

York, where all good actors go when they die (if not always when they live), looked the town over, entered a dramatic academy and began to be a *Hamlet*. But before he could put on greasepaint professionally, America entered the War.

Then Romance Came Along

HE enlisted, with the thought that to get Over There he would at last travel on the sea. But just before sailing he met a girl who, he knew, was The Girl. He had been "in love" once or twice before, for a day or so—just often enough to recognize the symptoms and to know that, this time, the fever was chronic. He said simply, "When I come back—" They both knew that it was "If I come back—" and parted.

Warren and his company (an engineering outfit, by the way) were moving through France in the direction of the Front when, one morning, they were startled by cries of "L'Armistice!" Warren was young enough then to be disappointed. He wanted to see some action. Now, he says, he understands why his grandfather left Germany because of the compulsory military training.

When he came back, She was waiting for him. There had been no "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" for him. They were married. That was nine years ago. The Dangerous Man is still married to the same wife and still in love with her. He likes to talk about her. He says she should have been an actress, that she should be a screen actress, that *she* has what it takes. They have no children and do not seem to feel a vacancy in their lives.

After they were married, they lived about in apartments in New York. They bought some furniture, but never a home. Warren began to be an actor by touring in a road company of "I Love You." He played the part originally done by Richard Dix. Shortly thereafter came the chance to play in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie" and Warren found that he had succeeded in expressing himself to the hearty applause of Broadway and the critics.

His First "Discoverer"

IT was Alexander Woollcott who first made the Barrymore comparison. Warren was then playing in "The Blue Peter" and Woollcott wrote, "He has a Barrymore accent in his speech and a Barrymore tone to his voice and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played *Petruchio*."

Warren's Dad read the criticism and was massively impressed. He wired his only son that he had better give up all thoughts of engineering and newspaper publishing and stay in the theatre along with the Drews and the Barrymores. Warren had no intention of leaving the theatre, whether he stayed along with the Barrymores or became a fifth Marx Brother.

He stayed and he went on to such successes as "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay" and was the hero of George Abbott's "Those We Love." He didn't—alas for hot copy—become involved in any scandals. He acquired only one "mistress" and she was a schooner. He still keeps her and one of these days he's going to go places—on all seven Seas.

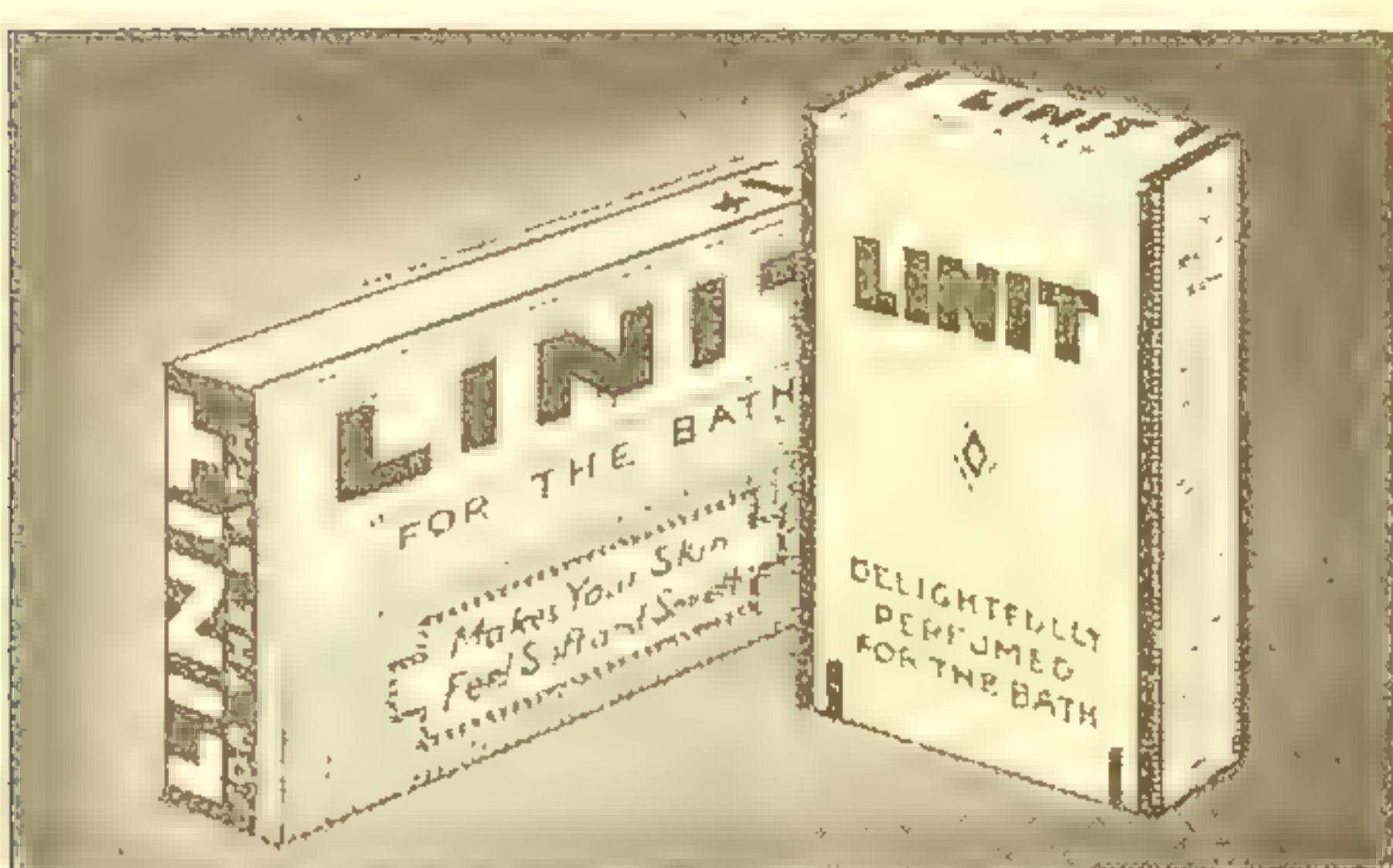
He began to make some talkie tests, just to see what might happen. He had been the hero in one of Pearl White's serials in silents. He took test after test, for company after company, beginning with the biggest and most important and gradually descending the scale. He could have made his living making tests, he told me. Nothing ever happened. No one reacted. He finally

After this marvelous beauty bath instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath... Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling!... Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet... Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!



Linit

is sold by your Grocer, Drug-
gist and Department Store

THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

one last one with Violet Heming, as a personal favor to her. He was disgusted, himself. And, he says, Violet went over so that he was carried along with her by the sheer momentum of her ability. He left the cast of "The Vinegar Tree," starring Billie Burke and was signed to a Warner Brothers Contract. And, by coincidence, in his first talkie—"Expensive Women"—he played opposite Dolores Costello, who happens to be Mrs. John Barrymore.

"And now," he smiles, "I live between options."

What He Wants from Movies

HE wants one thing out of it all and one thing only—money. He doesn't give a hang about fame or his name in electric lights or in print. His wife gets a kick out of his fan mail and takes care of it for him. He likes letters when they come from far-off places, like Siam or Timbuctoo. Such tributes give him a sense of the immensity of the thing. He feels lordly. As King George must feel when some distant Hindu salaams and gives him homage.

He hates possessions. They tie you down, he says—and he is a vagabond at heart. Strings of any kind strangle him. He doesn't care where he lives. Any spot on the globe would be all right with him. He can't understand people who wrangle heatedly about the respective merits of life in Hollywood and New York. What does it matter where you live?

He likes to play tennis, and does. He doesn't read very much. He and his wife go to a few movies in the evenings. He especially admires Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George Arliss, Maurice Chevalier, Edward G. Robinson and—yes—John Barrymore. He likes to see Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck and Miriam Hopkins. He is appalled at the way some screen stars look off the screen, compared to the way they look on. He was naïve and believed that they were all as good-looking as they filmed. It annoys him when people tack an "s" on his name.

Not Saying He Won't Change

HE is pretty well content with life and doesn't ask too much of it. But if he were God for a day, he'd change a few things—the hours for movie actors, principally. He would also, of course, abolish the prohibition laws. He is slightly socialistic. It nauseates him when he sees one family driven to the edge of suicide to pay their rent, and another family living on yachts and in mansions and limousines.

His grandfather was a Spiritualist. An uncle once got a message from Grandfather. Warren believes that there may be such things . . .

He doesn't know how great fame, if it should come to him, would affect him. He doesn't collect press clippings about himself. He doesn't think that he has changed since he came to Hollywood, but that doesn't mean that he wouldn't. He thinks the sort of thing that has happened to Clark Gable must be a dreadful thing to stand up under with your head steady and your feet on the ground.

He laughs about being called "dangerous." He says that all men are dangerous—at times. And tame tomcats at other times. It all depends upon how they are fed. And he doesn't mean with food alone.

He is six feet tall. He has brilliant, piercing blue eyes—the eyes of a man of the sea, you might say. His hair is thinning a bit. He has a sophisticated, thin-lipped mouth. He looks perpetually amused and a little bit tired of it all.

Some day, when he has that money, he will take his mistress, the schooner, and sail the Seven Seas—he will sail from port to port, from one horizon to another. This is the chief urge of that Dangerous Man, Warren William.

Why so many famous faces are ALWAYS YOUNG

Betty Compson . . .

"When you look old you're through" is a fact all Hollywood knows . . . that's why lovely Betty Compson uses Sem-pray . . . "the Secret of a Skin that's Always Young."



"Sem-pray" erases age lines overnight!



Nothing messy about Sem-pray. The Compressed cake in its oval container is easy to use - convenient to carry always with you. Sem-pray is cleanser, skin-food, skin-tightener and powder base - all in one!

60¢
at all
Stores



SMOOTH fragrant Sem-pray gently over face and neck before you go to bed tonight - tomorrow you'll find the tell-tale lines and wrinkles beginning to disappear. The youthful glow and girlish smoothness of 10 years ago can be restored - quickly - easily - and *inexpensively* by daily use of Sem-pray, the compressed cleansing creme that is indispensable to thousands of skin-proud women who have learned its almost magical beautifying powers. The new oval container lets you carry Sem-pray with you always - so that you can give yourself many beauty treatments daily. Ask for Sem-pray at your favorite toilet goods counter - or mail the coupon for sample package and FREE beauty aids.

Sem-pray
COMPRESSED CREME
7 days of
new beauty
FREE
Mail the Coupon NOW!

Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Dept. 11-L,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Send me your generous 7-day package of Sem-pray Compressed Creme. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Also send me FREE sample of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-pray Rouge

Name.....

Address.....

Spring brings a DOUBLE DANGER



TO THREATEN

Delicate Complexions

Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

● "BEWARE OF SPRING!" For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning . . . Sharp, blustery winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexions become dull and cloudy! . . . Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

Famous Olive Oil Preparations

Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil—its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

Begin tonight! Spend *two minutes* ridding your pores of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleans-

ing Cream. Then spread on a thin film of the velvety Olive Oil Cream to nourish your skin while you sleep.

Tomorrow morning, start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection from the elements and a perfect powder base. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder in any of its smart shades, if your skin is normal, or with the fluffy *Lightex* blend, if it is naturally oily. All this takes only *three minutes!*

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to \$1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.



Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With Olive Oil for normal skins in the purple box

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Marlene Dietrich will have only one great love, her Handwriting shows

(Continued from page 51)

gance, shown by the letter "a" in her first name (which is open at the top) and the wide spaces between her words. If you want to get something from her, let her feel sorry for you first, and she will be apt to work with all her might to help you with your problems.

But be careful not to give her a "sob-story" without any truth in it, or else have a shell-proof dugout near at hand when the fireworks start. She may be fooled once, but never twice, and it is a dangerous proposition to try to impose on her kindness. For she is no milk-and-water miss, who will say nothing and turn the other cheek. Look at the long ending strokes of her words and the downward ending stroke of the capital "M" in "Marlene," and then think twice before incurring her wrath.

The unevenness of her letters and the heavy pressure with which she writes show that she can be temperamental, as well as kind. Her nature is not of the regulation type. It is a fortunate thing for her that she is able to let out some of these over-emotional feelings—rather than to keep them bottled up until an inevitable explosion might wreck her life. In my work, I find too many inhibitions and repressions caused by self-consciousness and fear of what people may think. I do not find this in Marlene Dietrich's character, although there is some reserve at times, which makes her inscrutable and hard to understand. This will give her charm—especially for the male sex.

Why She Wants Success

NOTICE the plain capitals that she uses—so free from over-ornamentation and vulgarity. This is a proof that she comes naturally by the poise and self-possession that we see in her work in the movies, in which she has had such success. This shows her ability to think clearly and plan ahead so that she can keep her balance even when she has work to do. She has many of the constructive, as well as the artistic qualities, in her nature and can put aside her emotions and temperamental qualities when sincerely interested in anything. There is a driving force that makes her almost ruthless in her willingness to give up practically anything in order to satisfy her ambitions.

Yet this love of success does not spring purely from a fondness for material rewards, such as money and fame—although there is a material side to her complex nature. It does not even arise from a desire to get her own way, in spite of the fact that she is stubborn and dislikes interference with her plans. It comes more from an urge for achievement that will satisfy her own sense of what is right.

In choosing the director of her pictures, her studio should always select someone she can respect and admire for his cleverness and power. Under such direction she should be easily managed and do excellent work. For, with her instinctive feeling for what is right and fine, whether she has had any special cultural training or not, she will dislike and despise mediocrity and pretension and will probably sulk and do poor work under a person of inferior mentality.

While she can work hard when necessary, she will also want comfort and luxury and enjoy being lazy, "even as you and I." Just as a beautiful tigress can stretch out in the sun and relax and purr like a good-natured house cat, Marlene will enjoy being waited on and petted and made much of. This quality, while it may be irritating to those who want her to do something, is in reality

good thing for her, both physically and mentally. Otherwise, she might become too tense and excitable under the high glare and glare of publicity under which popular stars must live, and which has ruined so many promising careers.

Her love nature, while very ardent, has the ability to separate her emotions and affections from her interest in her work and her future success. She has the magnetism that attracts people, both men and women, through the medium of the screen—magnetism that makes her hard to forget when you have seen her pictures. This is even greater in personal contacts, and she will have many admirers and the opportunity for many loves in her life.

However, like most of the constructive type, she will have only one big, deep, and real love, in which she will give herself freely and completely. And Heaven help her, so far as her intimate personal happiness is concerned, if she is disappointed in the one she loves. If she *should* be disappointed, she might never show it to the world in general, or even to those who are nearest and dearest to her, because of her intense pride of which I have spoken. She might have dozens of lovers and several marriages but there would still be a wound in her heart that would never heal.

Before putting this character study aside, take one more look at the reproduction of Marlene Dietrich's handwriting and see if you cannot visualize this woman from what I have told you of her character. Just a mixture of a very human wife and mother—like yourself or Mrs. Jones, your next-door neighbor—but with something that drives her on to accomplishment in spite of obstacles and disappointments.

While she has faults and is temperamental, she has endurance and determination and can be urged on to even greater effort by encouragement. She may not always be wise in her judgment—perhaps because of her impatience and dislike of pettiness of any kind—but she is sincere, and capable of great things when she finds the right outlet for her energies. With the right pictures, she will go on to ever greater triumphs in her profession.



Wide World

"Another Dietrich"? That's the title they've hung on newcomer Sari Maritza. But did you ever see Marlene in a bathing suit and playful?



SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.* Costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly,

but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how

it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Dietrich Speaks Out for Herself

(Continued from page 19)

Lady of Many Moods, was in a brand-new mood. If such a Yankee word may be applied to such an aloof foreign charmer, she was *peppy*.

In short, she looked as if she had risen early, put her blonde head out of her Beverly Hills window, inhaled deeply of the Spring morning, sung a guttural ditty or two in her bath, and arrayed herself in her gayest Spring raiment before coming to the studio to keep her appointment.

"You look like Spring flowers, or something," I remarked, because she really did.

"I feel *goot*," smiled Marlene, as she held open the screen door of her dressing-room.

Like other interviewers, I have been warned that certain subjects are tabu with Dietrich—such subjects as Hollywood's gossip about her, and the "influence" of Director Josef von Sternberg on her career. At first, I remembered the warning. We skipped over the neutral subjects of current pictures—Marlene's and other stars'; of the great news value connected with the release of "Shanghai Express"; of the unusually enthusiastic reception accorded "Dishonored" by London audiences. Marlene, it developed, had seen a number of movies lately. She thought the new releases were surprisingly "goot," taken as a whole. From there we drifted to the influences that go to make up a "goot" picture—the director, the story, the acting, the camera work, the cutting, and so on.

Marlene Laughs at This Rumor

AND then, suddenly, I found myself asking a bombshell question—a question

that surprised me—a question that could have been dared only because of Marlene's consistent good humor. "What do you think of all this Hollywood talk of Mr. von Sternberg's influence in your own pictures—the talk that he feels and speaks and *thinks* for you, as the Hollywood gossips are so determined to make out?"

For a moment, you could have heard a pin drop—at least, I could! But when I dared to look at her again, her smile had not faded—it had widened into a very humorous sort of old-fashioned grin! She nodded her head a couple of times, as if such talk were familiar to her.

"That's funny, very funny," she said. "Just last evening Mr. von Sternberg and I were reading a magazine with an article that told of how I was a *Trilby* to my director's *Svengali*."

Marlene gave a short laugh—probably in demonstration of how she and her director had laughed over the article.

"I am sure the writer would have been disappointed to see how we laughed," she continued. "I think that maybe he thought such a story would make Mr. von Sternberg very angry. But that is because most people do not understand Mr. von Sternberg. They believe he has no sense of humor. If they could only have seen him laugh at that story! He said: 'It is too bad it is not true. Think of all the fun I could have, hypnotizing you!'"

"As for me—I am truly sorry I do not know such a person as my director is supposed to be. Think how interesting it would be to know a man who could so completely

control another person's destiny! How nice it would be to have such a man as a friend. One would never weary for entertainment.

Her Opinion of Von Sternberg

"IS it not silly that writers say Mr. von Sternberg has such a weird, uncanny effect on me? It is very true that he is a tremendous influence in the direction of his pictures—but surely the critics and writers must have noticed this same influence in the performance of other players. It is not only Dietrich who responds to his direction so completely—every actor who has worked with him will tell you that he goes through a new directorial experience when he works in a von Sternberg production.

"Notice the difference in other players besides myself when they are working in one of his pictures as compared to their work with other directors. Yet they (the writers) do not say Mr. von Sternberg hypnotizes them. I believe he brings every actor he directs to his heights!" (Several months ago Marlene had told me that if von Sternberg ever made a picture with Joan Crawford, the public would be surprised at the power and sweep of her personality.)

"But," she added with a little shrug, dismissing the entire subject, "I do not pay much attention to such stories any more. At first—yes. They used to upset me. But now I do not even bother to deny most of them. Only one really upset me—"

She had risen now and was moving about her dressing-room. She found a cigarette tray for me and placed it at my elbow. She did it almost subconsciously—a hint

There's more Chicle in it *that's what makes it better*

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy*.

Beech-Nut GUM

After you have been smoking all evening! A stick of Beech-Nut Gum! It will make that next smoke taste ever so much better... as good as the first smoke of the day.



**"Makes the
next smoke
taste better"**



Girl's Pretty Eyes Keep Love Warm

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of the Dietrich thoughtfulness as a hostess.

"That very absurd story that I dressed little Maria like a grown-up... that the child postured and behaved like a sophisticated grown person! I cannot imagine how anything so silly ever started. I did copy one dress of mine for my little girl. It was of such sweet, flowery chiffon material that I thought it would be nice for her. But suits like this"—indicating the Spring garment—"and lounging pajamas and evening gowns—no, I do not dress Maria like that!"

As usual, the subject of Maria released a spring in Marlene.

"I try to be so careful of her—that she shall enjoy her little-girlhood like a normal, happy child—as though she were not the daughter of a movie star. But this is sometimes difficult. Just this morning I wanted to make a walk with her." (She quickly corrected herself to "take a walk".) "So I quickly put on an old coat and without a hat or any make-up, I started out with Maria for a walk toward the hills. But we had not reached the sidewalk when some people who must have been waiting nearby caught up with us and asked if I were not Marlene Dietrich. We walked on a little farther and they followed us. I tried to be nice; I thought if I smiled and talked to them a little while they would go away—but soon I found they intended to walk with us. So I brought Maria home.

"Soon I am taking her back to Germany to be entered in school. I want her to be brought up in the schools of my country. They are still a great deal more conservative over there. Children do not learn the things of the grown-up world so quickly. Here—I am a little frightened.

"The other day Maria had a birthday. I had invited several of her little neighborhood playmates, nice children of nice families, to share her birthday cake. There were some candles on the cake and the children suggested that Maria try to blow them out. In Germany we do not know this—but she seemed eager to try. She blew them all out but two—and one little child, even younger than Maria, spoke up and said: 'That means you will be married and divorced twice!' My poor baby—she looked at me, not knowing what the other child meant.

What Hurts Marlene Most

LATER on, the children suggested to Maria that they play Marriage and Divorce. You do not know how this frightened me—like something sticking in my heart. I forbade them to play such a game—and Maria was cross with me. She wanted to play what the American children play. That is why I say I am anxious to take her back to Germany for her schooling. I very much want to keep her a little girl for those happy years allotted to her. . . .

"I do not know how soon we will be able to make the trip. I hope after my next picture—but perhaps the time will be extended for two productions.

"There is another story that surprised me when I read it in print—the story that I am returning to Germany immediately to make a German version of 'Cleopatra.' This is most interesting—I did not know it until I read the paper.

"Yes, I want very much to return to my country to make a picture in my native language. But I have no definite plans for it. I should want plenty of time from my American contract to do the production justice. None of my pictures has been made in a German version—Mr. von Sternberg will not have slipshod methods used and there is not enough money involved to cover the cost of an entire film remade from the English. When I do appear before my own people, speaking my own language, I want it to be the best I have to offer."

"But we grow so serious," she said a little reprovingly, "and it is such a frivolous day! I feel so good!"

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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 71)

about her house, waiting to pounce upon her for autographs when she enters or leaves her residence.

THE day Bebe Daniels sang over the radio from New York, her most interested and enthusiastic listener was none other than Barbara Bebe Lyon, just turned six months old.

Hilda, Bebe's devoted maid and little Barbara's nurse, held the baby close to the radio and when her mother's voice came through, the little tot almost flew out of her arms with excitement. "She kept looking around," relates Hilda proudly. "She couldn't understand how she could hear that familiar voice and not be able to see her mother."

HELEN Twelvetrees has never quite got over being a movie fan at heart. The other day we bumped into Helen in the publicity department of her studio, looking over some new stills. No, they were not her own. The little Twelvetrees was ardently admiring the new poses of Constance Bennett.

COLLEEN Moore and Al Scott finally stepped off after an engagement lasting a couple of years. They were married at Fort Pierce, Florida, and a couple of days after the ceremony Colleen and her new husband took the train for California where Colleen opened in her new stage show. San Francisco is the town and, of course, Colleen will show up in Los Angeles so all her movie friends can see her.

This is Colleen's second marriage. Ditto for Mr. Scott.

FEBRUARY 15th must have been a great day for marriages—especially for former film favorites. Tom Mix was married in Mexico to Mabel Hubbell Ward, aerialist of the Sells-Floto Circus, on the same day Colleen became Mrs. Al Scott.

IT would be a poor month, indeed, that didn't have at least one or two good artistic temperament complaints.

Anna May Wong kept up China's war record by walking out of the cast of RKO's "Roar of the Dragon." By some complication in the billing Gwili Andre's name slipped in above Anna's in the cast of the picture, when a previous agreement with Miss Wong had stipulated she was to receive first billing.

Over at Paramount, Charlie Bickford is showing signs of his previous M-G-M temperament by setting off a few red-headed sparks about his rôle opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below." Charlie just doesn't like the part.

FRANK Borzage, Fox director, is nursing one pet ambition at the present moment. He wants to re-make "Humoresque" for the talking camera. As a silent picture, "Humoresque" was one of the classics of its day. Now, with the added advantage of sound, the Fannie Hurst novel would be delightful.

A child actor named Sidney Miller, who recently completed "Symphony of Six Million," starring Ricardo Cortez, at RKO, is being seriously considered for the rôle of the child violinist. The twelve-year-old youngster is a natural musician and a natural actor.

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

THE young lady was backing her car into a parking space on Hollywood Boulevard. Looking back, she was a trifle upset to see a man about six inches from her rear bumper, making no effort to get out of the way.

She pulled forward to keep from backing into him. He accommodated by running around, and clinging himself in front of her car.

"Please run over me," he begged.

"Of course not," said the young lady, indignantly. She proceeded to back again. The annoying fellow was flat on his back behind the car by that time.

"Oh, do run over me. I'd love it so," he pleaded.

By this time the lady was anxiously scanning the horizon for a cop.

"If you won't run over me today, will you make a date to run over me tomorrow?" he asked.

"Certainly not," came the reply. "Who are you?"

"Me? I'm just Harpo Marx."

No point to it, I know, but that's the way life is when the Mad Marxes are in town.

THE Embassy Club is pretty hard to stir up to any degree of amazement or anything. The other day it happened, however. At one of the luncheon tables was a young lady. Nothing surprising in that, but she wore a monocle. Thus is history made—the first lady monocle-wearer in Hollywood.

Now, maybe, Lowell Sherman will give up his solo eyeglass. It's getting to be effeminate.

MIGHTY oaks from little acorns grow, and famous stars sometimes grow from pretty humble beginnings. Not many players can boast a more amazing beginning in the picture realm than George O'Brien. George doubled for a shark in the C. B. de Mille opus, "The Golden Bed."

Rod La Rocque, the leading man of the picture, was supposed to be attacked by a shark. A real shark was used for distant shots, but when it came to the actual combat Rod rebelled. He didn't like sharks. C. B. listened with a willing ear. After all, the picture wasn't completed, and Rod without an arm or a leg wouldn't be much use.

Mr. O'Brien was called into the scene. A tin back, as shark-like as possible, was strapped on him, and he swam face downward in water. Mr. La Rocque made all the necessary faces. Fans "o-ohed" and "a-ahed" when they saw it. Everyone was satisfied except the real shark which, was sort of hungry.

George got \$25 for the day's work. So began another movie career.

THEY do say, speaking of the fans, that Connie Bennett is rather upset over the nasty story a hinterland newspaper printed about her. As she was traveling Westward, recently, the train made a brief stop at a station. Connie jumped from the car and started a marathon to the telegraph office. News of her impending arrival on that particular train had journeyed on ahead, and a good portion of the village was on hand to see what Dick Bennett's oldest chick looked like. A little bit dismayed at the mob, Connie ducked her head, and ran all the faster.

A very small youngster, pushed by the crowd, fell, sprawling, at her feet. Connie stopped, picked up the child, and continued her sprint.

She does feel hurt, and a little burnt, too, if you must know, when the clipping service forwarded her an item from the local press.

"Movie star kicks child in face," it read.

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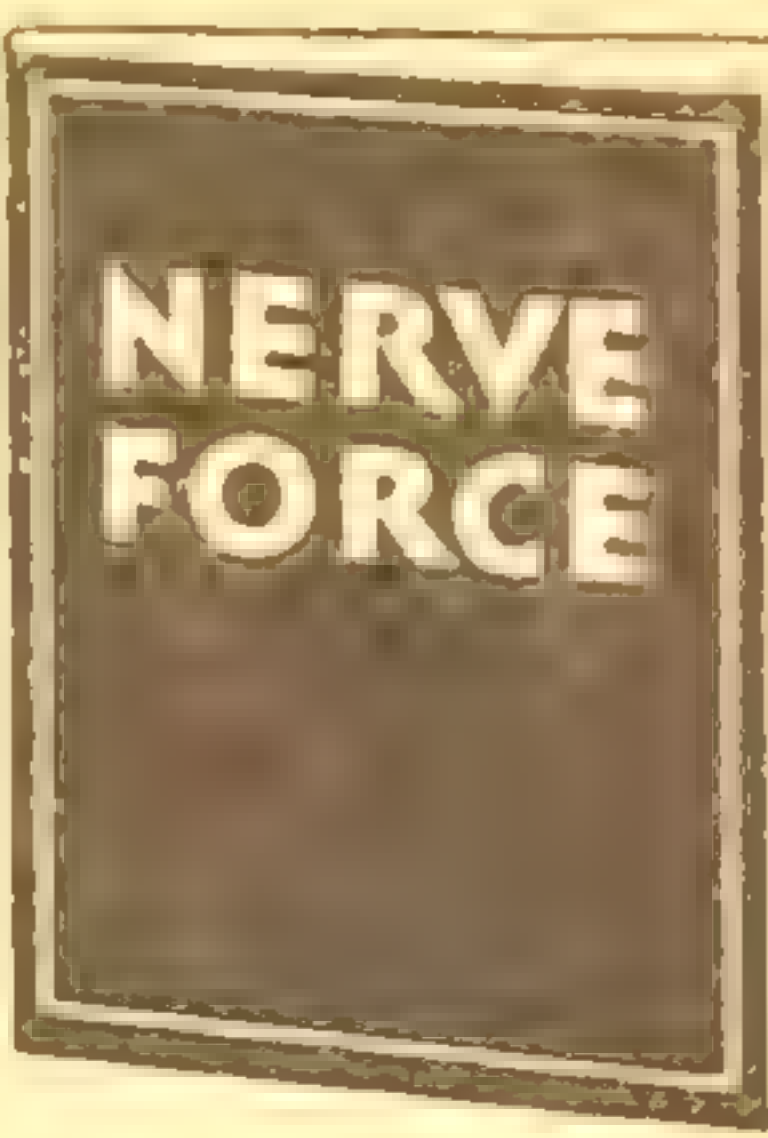
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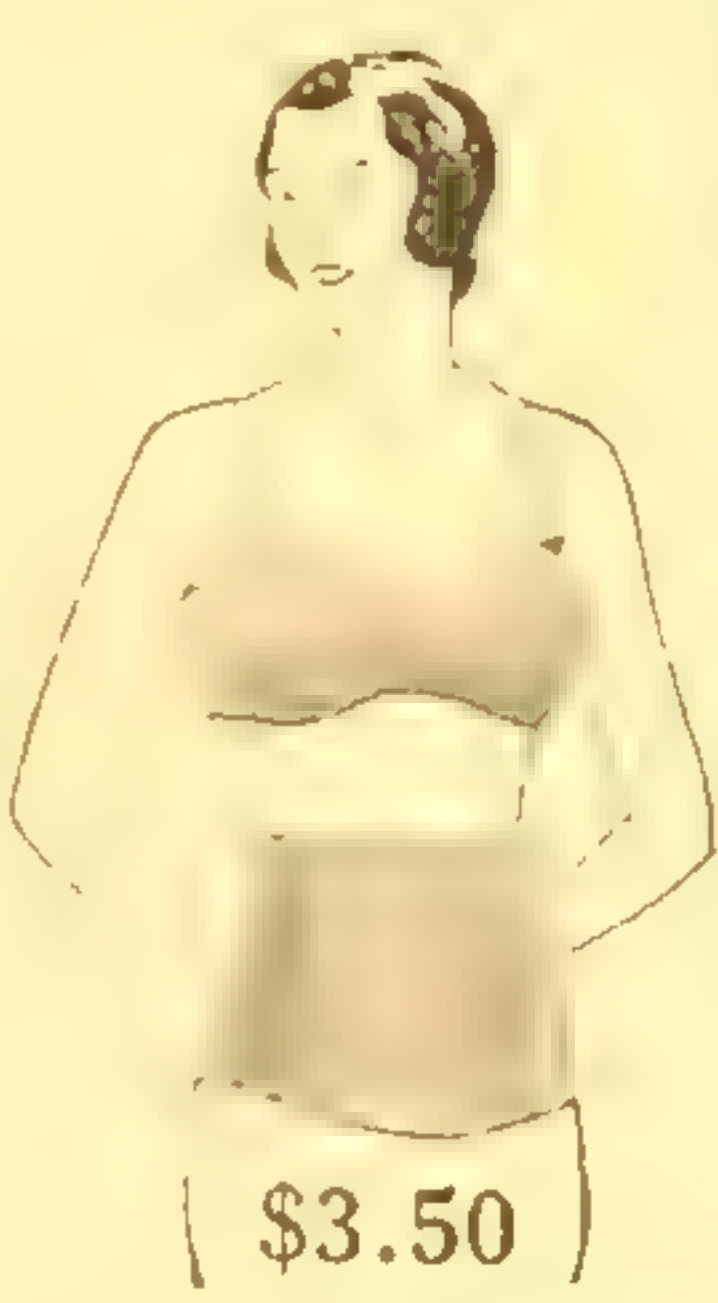
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Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck

(Continued from page 56)

tracting business, and many of the buildings that line Hollywood and Wilshire boulevards are of his construction.

His First Movie Work

AS a child, Russ played in many D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, and Mary Pickford pictures, but always as one of the mob, and the five- and ten-dollar bills garnered in this fashion were stored away in a bank account that was to go to his musical training as he grew older.

When he was fourteen years old, he began his study of the violin. With fingers that had been made deft by the guitar, he advanced rapidly. One day his old teacher, Laveri, wrote to his parents and told them the ways of life had been difficult in the East and that if they would pay for his transportation to California, he would repay them by giving lessons to "your most talented Ruggerio."

The idea was an acceptable one and within a few weeks Laveri was back with his old pupil. Three years later, Russ had reached such a degree of mastery on the violin that he gave a series of concerts both in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. Music critics hailed him as another prodigy, but as is usually the case with prodigies, fate stepped in and drove him on another course.

The family fortune at this time was not where it should have been, and Russ was compelled to accept a job with an orchestra playing for private dances around Hollywood. A while later, he joined an orchestra that played at the Hotel Mayfair and, because of his deep baritone voice, was selected by the leader to sing the vocal choruses.

Picture executives and directors were frequent visitors, and soon thereafter Russ picked up a lot of extra money by playing the violin on the movie sets. Pola Negri dropped into the Mayfair ballroom one night when the young violinist was playing and asked that he report on her lot the following day. For two years he remained with Miss Negri and played his violin for the atmospheric effect it had on her emoting.

He Broke the News to Pola

ONE day in August, 1926, the news was brought on the Negri set that Rudolph Valentino had died in New York. The young violinist was in the middle of Dvorak's "Humoresque" while a heavy love scene was in the process of being filmed. The messenger whispered the news to him first, and the shock at learning that the man who had been his greatest screen hero was dead caused him to stop with a suddenness that spoiled the entire scene.

"What is the matter with you?" screamed La Negri. "Why must you stop playing right in the middle of a scene?"

"Rudolph Valentino is dead," he replied. The star fainted away, and Russ vouches for the fact that it was no act. For hours and days after she was inconsolable.

The Coconut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood, where filmdom's elite gather on the slightest provocation, offered Russ a job with its orchestra and he remained there for a year. One day while he was singing a love ballad, he was interrupted by Ben Schulberg, executive of the Paramount studios, and offered the second lead in "Wolf Song" with Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. Naturally, he accepted, and was billed under the name of Russell Columbo.

He reported on the set four days later and



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See Page 51
in this Issue

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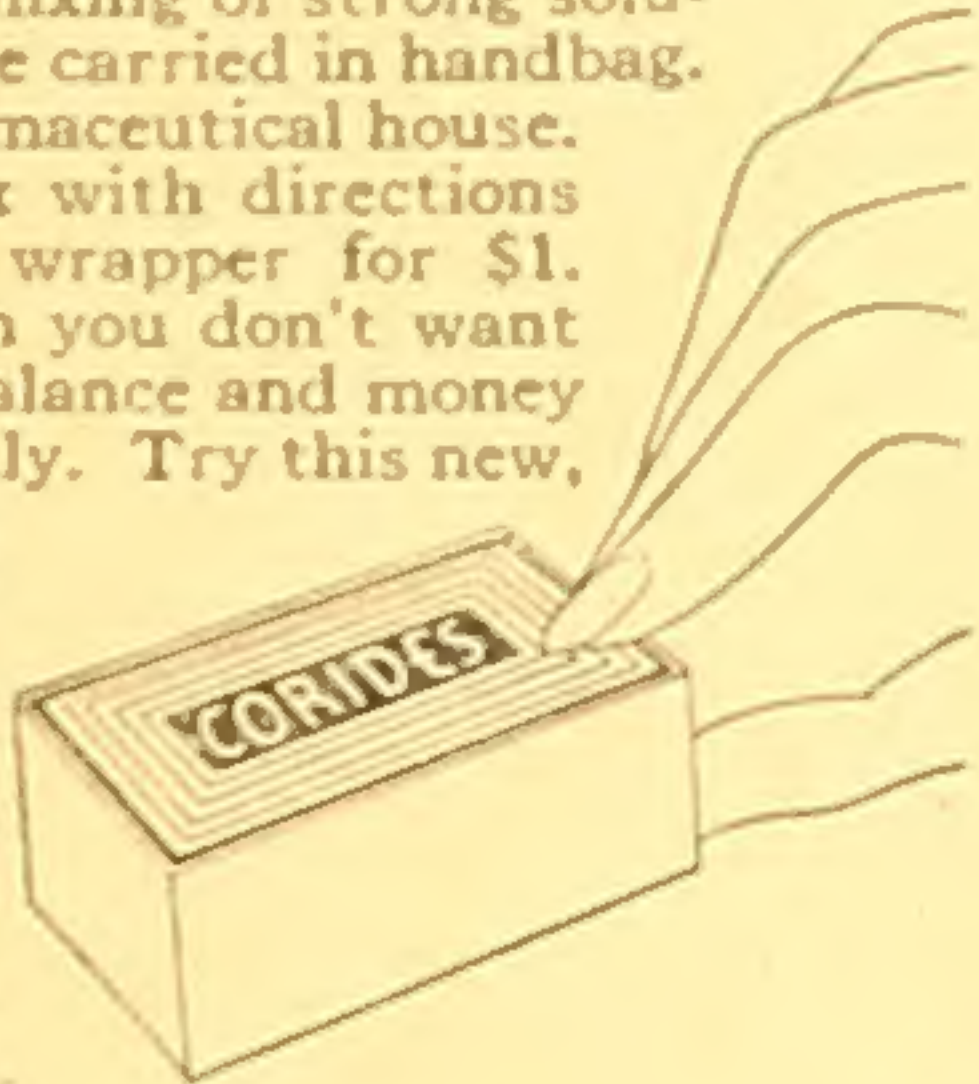


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remained for the duration of the filming, but when the picture went into the process of editing and revision, Russ found himself to be a "face on the cutting-room floor." The second lead had been cut down to three scenes, and not one of them long enough for the average moviegoer to notice.

You've Heard Him in Talkies

BUT his voice proved to be a valuable asset on the screen in the early days of the talkies. Its richness, depth, and resonance won for him considerable work as a "voice double." And when you watched Gary Cooper singing in "The Wolf Song," you were seeing Gary, but you were listening to Russ Columbo. In "Dynamite," you heard Russ sing "How Am I to Know?" but you didn't know it then. There was a radio playing, and this voice was supposed to be coming over the air. The setting was almost prophetic.

Because of his vocal powers, executives began considering Russ for leads in musical pictures, but on each occasion he was turned down because the test showed him "to be too much of a Latin type." At this time Buddy Rogers was coming into his own because he represented the type most popular with the moviegoers, and film heads were afraid to take a chance on Russ. But with foreign types on the rise again, how long will it be before the finger of film fame points in Russ's direction?

Disgusted with the turn of events, Russ refused to double for stars who could not sing and turned again to orchestra work. He played in various Los Angeles theatres and hotels and finally went back to the Ambassador Hotel as a featured member of the Rhythm Boys. Two months later, a quarrel with the management broke up the organization, and Russ decided to put his savings into his own business. So with the aid of a few friends he opened the Pyramid Club and, although it never prospered to any great extent, it held its own and enabled Russ to strike up friendships with many movie stars. Among these were Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson, Ramon Novarro, Joan Bennett, Eric Von Stroheim, Jack Oakie and Joan Crawford.

What Conrad Predicted for Him

AND now the number *twelve* again. On the night the club was celebrating its first twelve months of existence, a party comprised of George Olsen, Joan Crawford, June Collyer and Con Conrad came in and was ushered to a ringside table.

In Russ's words: "I was thrilled to meet Con Conrad, the man whose songs were so familiar to me and my orchestra. And we played many of his famous numbers, such as 'Margie,' 'Barney Google,' 'Memory Lane,' 'Let's Do the Breakaway,' and 'Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me.'"

"The party remained until early in the morning and before they departed, Con told me he believed I would make a great success in the East with radio work, and said he was willing to take me along with him if I could go."

Two days later Con Conrad and Russ Columbo were on *The Chief* bound for New York. Conrad, in the meantime, had tried to convince George Olsen that Columbo would be a great bet for his band, which Olsen was planning to take to New York for the winter. But Olsen couldn't see Russ! "They're tired of crooners—look at Vallee," was Olsen's cryptic way of turning down the singer.

"Well, I'll take this kid to New York and, mark my word, inside of six months he'll be a sensation. I'll have him on a big program on a national radio hook-up; I'll have him with his own orchestra in the new Waldorf-Astoria; and I'll have the picture people hot to get him for a starring rôle," were Conrad's predictions.

As was natural, Russ was a hero neither



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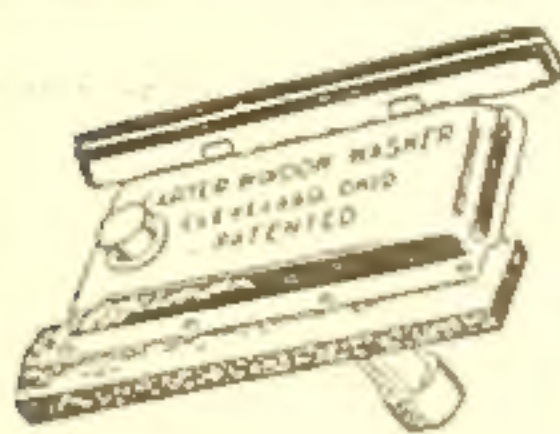
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to his valet (which he never had) nor to the Hollywood crowd. So they pooh-poohed the composer's words.

Even Ziegfeld Missed a Chance

ON the train Eastward, Con and Russ composed "You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love," which has since become the crooning baritone's theme song on the air. The pair stepped off the train at the Grand Central Station, hopped into a taxi and dashed to the office of Flo Ziegfeld.

In addition to "You Call It Madness—," Conrad had two other songs that he hoped to place in the new "Follies," which Ziegfeld was then casting. Russ sang all the three and they included "Who Am I?" and "Prisoner of Love," but Ziegfeld shook his head sadly. "They're not hit tunes," he gave as his verdict.

But the saddest blow of all was that he hadn't even noticed Russ's singing. To the great maestro of the "Follies," Russ was just another song-plugger.

Earl Carroll's office was the next stop and the languid Earl, producer of the "Vanities," emptied his partially completed theatre of its workmen and listened interestedly to both the songs and the singer.

"To tell you the truth," he said, turning to Conrad after Russ had ended his audition, "there are bigger things in store for this lad than I can offer him at present. However, if you want to accept a humble offer of three hundred and fifty dollars per week, he may start rehearsing at once."

Conrad thanked the "Vanities" producer, bundled both his songs and his handsome protégé under his arms, and departed for the radio chains. And within twelve hours, super-salesman Conrad had convinced the NBC officials that Russ Columbo was what radio had been waiting for all these years and to prove it was willing to stake all on the fan mail.

A Twelve-Day Wonder

"If you put Columbo on a coast-to-coast hook-up, within one month the mail will reach twelve hundred letters a day," he insisted.

"And if he pulls twelve hundred letters a day, you can rest assured," the officials replied skeptically, "that his income will be pretty near a dollar for every fan letter."

The only open hour was at 11 P.M.—an hour conceded to be a difficult one from which to draw substantial mail. But Russ took it. On the twelfth day, the National Broadcasting offices reported that Columbo's daily mail had reached 1278 letters.

To-day Russ's routine is a fast and furious one. Up at nine for a ride on his roan through Central Park. Back to his penthouse apartment overlooking Manhattan. A shower and a rub-down and then a swift drive through traffic to the theatre where he is appearing. There are four to five shows every day that last until ten-thirty in the evening and these are interspersed with rehearsals for the following week, rehearsals of his commercial broadcasts and the broadcasts themselves, the mad dashes between shows across the East River to make recordings of his songs on the discs, and the numerous motion picture shorts and personal appearances.

At eleven each night he leaves the theatre and speeds frantically in his limousine to the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue to conduct his orchestra while the Mayfair of Gotham dances after the theatre. At two-thirty in the morning he is in bed again.

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